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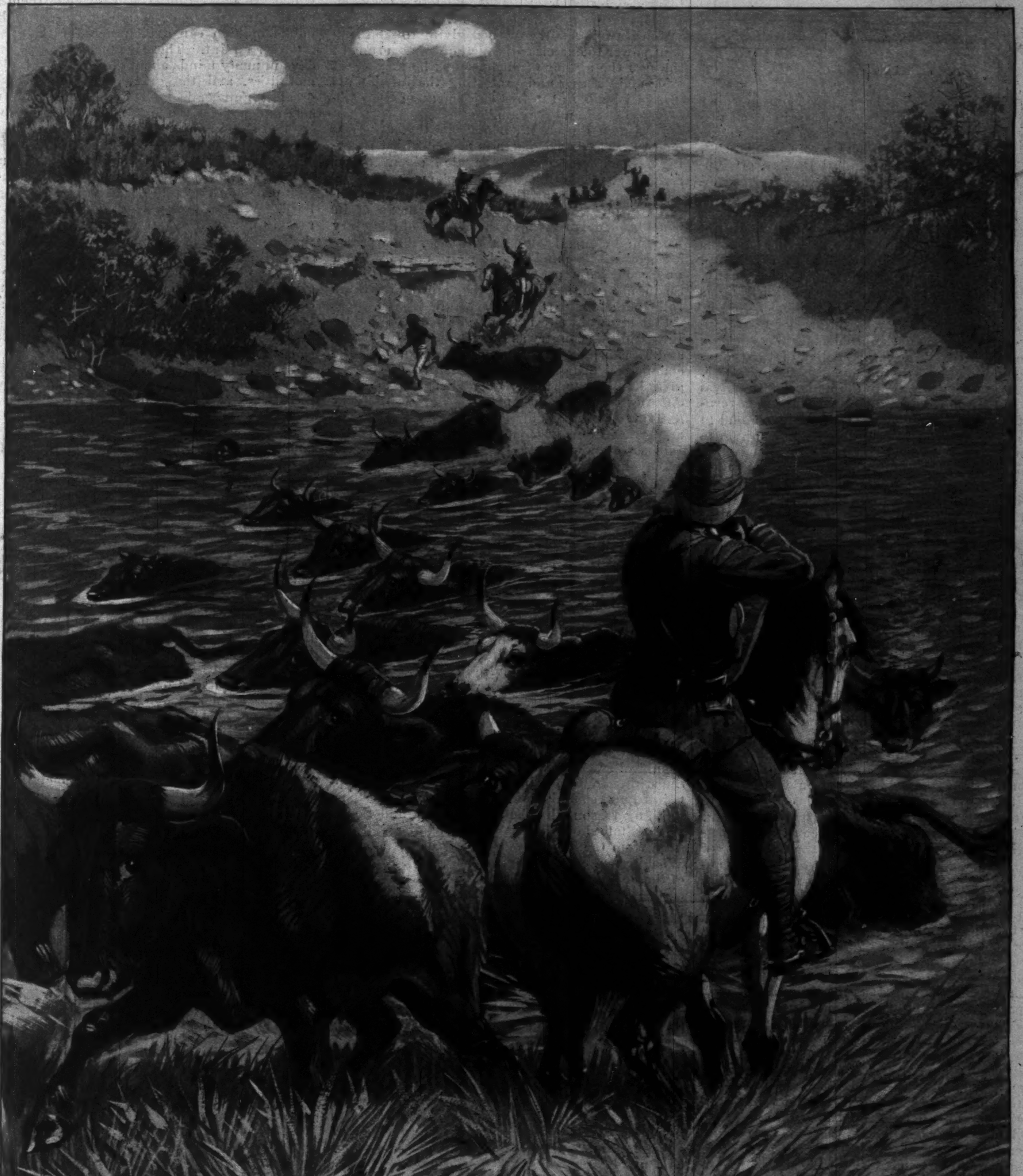

A SUCCESSFUL RAID.

BRITISH SCOUTS AND KAFIR BOYS CAPTURING A HERD OF BOER CATTLE NEAR THE MODDER RIVER.

Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

New York City, January 27, 1900

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Let us Start Right

THE Senate has been wasting its morning hour for a number of days in moot discussions on the President's policy in the Philippines. Whether Mr. McKinley, or Mr. Hay, or Admiral Dewey, or General Otis, or any one else is to be vindicated or condemned, it may be well to have the varied information for which Senators are calling. By all means, let us have all the documentary evidence that bears upon the truth of history. Let us have the story of our war with the Filipinos told correctly. But, pending the forth-coming of the testimony, let the Senate stop talking on the administration's policy, until it has something practical before it, discussion of which may be followed by the solution of at least one of the problems with which we are confronted. The future policy of this country cannot be settled by complaint or by debate. It must be determined by the action of Congress on a bill for the temporary or permanent government of colonies. If Congress does not intend to retain the Philippines, it will be able to announce its purpose in a bill; if, on the other hand—and we think this assumption the more likely to be the true one—it is the purpose of Congress that the Philippines shall remain permanently a part of the territory of the United States, the bill need be merely a simple provision for government. But every day devoted to speech-making, no practical proposition being before the Senate, is a day wasted. In passing, we are impelled by a sense of duty to the grave question involved to join with Senator Wolcott's condemnation of Senator Beveridge's apparent oversight of the moral aspects of the subject, and we hope that we shall have no more speeches devoted to the exposition of the mere money value of the islands.

The country will demand a government for all our colonies based on a higher ideal than that of commercialism. If we should confess that there is nothing in the Philippines or in Puerto Rico but the dollar which can be picked up there by the adventurous speculator, the person or party responsible for the admission would, we fancy, fare ill at the hands of the people who went to war to save Cuba from the barbarity of Spain. Mr. McKinley understands his countrymen better than to urge upon them the richness of the prize; and he tells Congress, in his annual message, that "few graver responsibilities have ever been confided to us. If we accept them," he adds, "in a spirit worthy of our race and traditions, a great opportunity comes with them." Mr. McKinley contemplates governments for the colonies which shall elevate their people. What he has said on this subject in his messages and his speeches is supported by the acts of his officers in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and in those parts of the Philippines which have been freed from insurgents. So far, at least, the religious opinions and prejudices of the natives have been respected. Nothing has been done to offend against their customs and habits. But schools have been established; the courts have been opened; the transaction of judicial and all official business has been relieved of the burden and taint of the corruption which was inseparable from the old Spanish rule; the cities and towns have been policed; their sanitary conditions have been vastly improved—in a word, civilization has dawned upon these mediæval and savage countries, where, it may be justly said, manners alone had been tempered by the advance of time. So intense has been the activity of the military officers charged with the task of ruling in Puerto Rico, for example, that they would seem to have neglected not only the commercial exploitation of the island, but its commercial needs, if it were not for the fact that, in respect of commercial regulation, the government has been powerless until now Congress is in session.

Puerto Rico is the one new possession which demands and gives opportunity for immediate action. Senator Foraker has introduced a bill, not providing for such a government as the President suggested in his message, but still providing for the appointment of executive officers by the President and Senate, and for a legislature, in the choosing of which the people of the island should have an important voice. It therefore differs from the suggestion of the President, which was that there should be a local legislative council, consisting partly of Puerto-Ricans and partly of citizens of the United States, appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. Senator Spooner has introduced a bill providing for a temporary government of the Philippines when the insurrection shall have been completely suppressed. It follows the precedent of the resolution under which Hawaii is still governed, giving to the President power to exercise all functions of government through the agency of any persons he may select "for maintaining and protecting the inhabitants of said islands in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion."

It is with Puerto Rico, however, that Congress ought first to deal. There is in that island a crying need for relief from the drastic incidents of our tariff law. The Puerto-Rican planter and merchant suffer under all the disadvantages and hardships of our customs law, and enjoy none of its benefits. As is shown in the reports of Secretary Root and General George B. Davis, these people are economically and commercially not so well off under our rule as they were under the rule of Spain, nor can they be until they are admitted into full commercial partnership with the United States—that is, until there is free trade between Puerto Rico and this country as there is among the States and Territories. The economic conditions and the commercial distress of Puerto Rico afford to Congress its first opportunity to enter upon the task of creating colonial governments. Thus far no very serious effort in this direction has been made, for the examination of General Davis, in view of the fulness of his report to Secretary Root, like the speech-making in the Senate, seems to be a waste of time.

Puerto Rico's government will probably be a model for the other colonies, and therefore the plan ought to be prepared with the utmost care. Upon one point only are we disposed to insist in anticipation of the report of the committee on the Pacific islands and Puerto Rico. The bill that is introduced should afford no opportunity for the expansion of the spoils system. The Governor at first must doubtless be a political appointee, and it may be that the office will always remain political; but this ought not to be the case. The law should provide for a colonial service in which Governors should be trained, and from which they should be appointed. But, apart from the Governor and the Attorney-General, there is no reason why the other officers, such as, to quote from Secretary Root's plan, "Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor or Comptroller, Superintendent of Public Works, and Superintendent of Education," should not be appointed and commissioned under the merit system; nor any reason why the fiscal officers and Secretary of State should not at first be detailed, if necessary, from the Treasury and State departments at Washington. By all means, so far as this feature of the colonial government establishments is concerned, let the country start out right. It is only in that way that Mr. McKinley's hopes can be fulfilled and sordid greed kept out of control.

PRESIDENT HADLEY of Yale, who has been making a tour of the Western cities in the interest of his university, lately made a speech before the Candle-light Club of Denver, in which he touched upon an interesting subject. Discussing trusts, he said that indiscriminate denunciation of them did no good, but that public opinion might go far towards controlling them. "When a man," he said, "operates a trust against the public good, don't invite him to dinner; don't call on his family. Disqualify him socially. Whenever you make a man understand that by doing certain things he is disqualified socially and condemned by public opinion, you have set in motion the strongest force in the business or political world."

There is no doubt about the efficacy of the remedy that President Hadley prescribes, but comparatively few persons are in a position to apply it. Very, very few can hope to grieve the promoters of trusts by declining to ask them to dinner. So many of them come to New York to live that, if necessary, they could spend all their spare evenings dining with one another. Moreover, the general public, when it sees any new trust denounced as especially profligate and tyrannous, is apt to conclude that there must be great profits in anything so bad, and to go out quietly and buy some of the stock. For such investors of course it is embarrassing to frown upon the magnates of a trust whose profits they hope to share.

Social ostracism is a great weapon, and, justly used, may, and does, reach evil-doers who cannot elsewise be punished. But it is only useful to restrain offences that are well understood and very generally condemned, and the iniquity of trusts, where it exists, seems hardly well enough understood to be reached in that way. Most of us are still uncertain whether trusts have been born of greed or are merely an inevitable development. Neither do we know which trusts are excusable and which are not. Public knowledge of them needs to be much more extensive and accurate before public opinion can avail much for their regulation or restraint. There is much perplexity nowadays in many minds about political and industrial moralities, and the greatest final good of the greatest number is used as a warrant for many acts and policies the immediate effects of which are hardship and seeming injustice.

THAT the Samoan treaty has at last been ratified by the Senate is a matter upon which the people of the United States are to be congratulated. We can now proceed about our own business in our own way, without having to consult the convenience of a pair of awkward and too often semi-belligerent partners in a dubious enterprise, who might at any time have drawn us into their quarrels, with which, under normal conditions, we could have no concern. We may love our English brothers and our German cousins with a depth of affection worthy of the average poet's most inspired periods, but upon the whole, in matters of business, it is just as well that sentiment should be left out, and that we should get upon a basis which faces facts, and which deals with conditions, not theories. A tripartite arrangement of any kind is a good thing to avoid. It involves, in an ideal condition, a combination of two parties to an agreement against the third, and to that extent any situation which comes into being under its beneficent sway must be unsatisfactory to somebody. This is particularly apt to be the case in such a combination as has existed in the Samoan matter, as has been shown by the experience of the three-headed Cerberus that has been protecting the interests of the Samoans for the past twenty years. Now, thanks to a diplomatic stroke that is worthy of the highest praise, the partnership is dissolved and everybody is satisfied. England is out of an entanglement that never did her any good; Germany has come into possession peacefully of territory she has long coveted, and Uncle Sam has a new spot in which to plant a flag-staff from which the star-spangled banner may flap without creating a disturbance at home or abroad.

It is to be hoped that the recall of the treaty from the President means no more than an amiable desire on the part of the Senator from Arkansas to acquaint the country with the fact that he is still looking after the interests of his constituents.

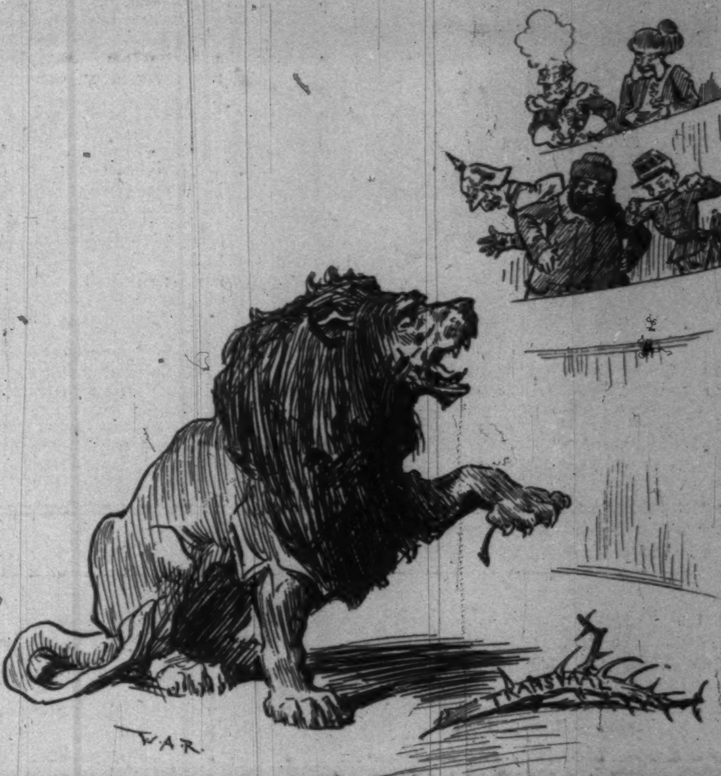
ELSEWHERE in this issue of the Weekly is published an article of special interest to all readers who are concerned with problems of public education. Its author, Mr. F. W. Holls, lately a delegate to the Peace Congress at The Hague, is chairman of the advisory committee appointed by Governor Roosevelt to make a plan by which certain unsatisfactory features of the educational system of the State of New York might be amended. Mr. Holls tells briefly and clearly what was the trouble, how in the course of years the functions of the State Board of Regents and the Department of Public Instruction have come to overlap, and in a measure to conflict, causing friction and wrangling between two bodies both of which are worthy and useful. The device of the advisory commission for the creation of a State Department of Education to include both the warring bodies, and for the assignment of definite and separate duties to each, seems in the main to be acceptable to all the parties interested and to all friends of education. Only as to one point has there been serious criticism. The plan provides for a Chancellor, to be chosen by the Board of Regents, but stipulates that the first Chancellor shall be appointed by the Governor. Mr. Holls's explanation of the propriety of choosing the first Chancellor by a method different from that to be followed in the future is of especial interest, and is adapted to allay criticism of this detail of the commission's plan.

Is the BRITISH EMPIRE in Peril?

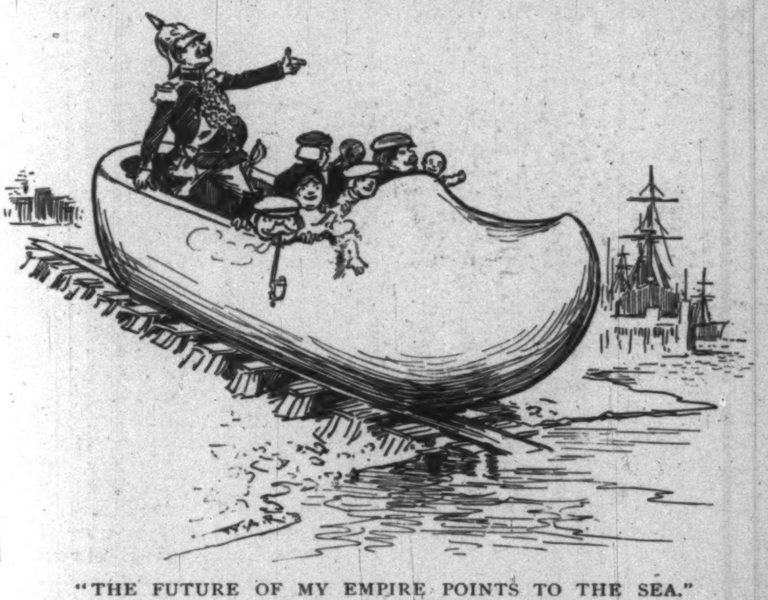
by JOHN W. RUSSELL

THE exultation and derision in the Continental capitals and press over Great Britain's reverses in South Africa are no revelation to the well-informed, but only confirm extended observation as to anti-British feeling. It is idle to inquire why this is so intense, or whether it should be ascribed to manner, to success in government and commerce, to the longest reach in land-grabbing, or to the alleged pretence of pious interest in "civilizing" inferior peoples. It has helped to concentrate critical attention upon the supposed weak points in the fabric of British empire, presumably with the object of political aggrandizement. There is no telling what secret negotiations may be going on in the chancelleries. It would seem that the Anglo-Boer war has only well begun, and that for some time yet possible eventualities will be matter of delightful contemplation for hostile powers. It may be assumed that the French Foreign Office expects further British reverses, and that Russian strategists have traced with nicer calculation the lines of advance that would open the Persian Gulf to Russian commerce, or make India a Russian satrapy. This is an old story, but the possibility of seeing it realized will accentuate its interest for England's enemies and cause solicitude to her friends. Continental European powers are more than interested in any probable partition of the outlying British estate, and any serious decadence of British military power will speed the preparation for it. The beginning of the end may have come, some of them think. But has it come? What is the measure of the fighting strength of the British Empire, and how can it be known when power of resisting a hostile combination has been hopelessly weakened? If, as a German military critic has recently said, British tactics teach nothing, and the English soldier, as compared with his Scotch and Irish companions in arms, is beginning to show that something is wrong with him, that state of things may lead to the discovery of unsuspected defects in the other branch of the service, and some are already asking whether the British navy is really as strong as commonly supposed. If so, then the final breaking up may go on apace. In the mean time, however, expert military opinion will weigh the present British difficulties of campaigning in South Africa with a care and judgment quite removed from ready prophecy, and its appraisement of British fighting quality and tactics will probably leave a margin for new military problems suggested by recent battles, and which are too perplexing yet to yield safe conclusions.

Of course the naval arm has the chief powers of both offence and defence. It needs to be so, as Great Britain's chief peril is her assailable lines of ocean commerce. But if, as Mr. Gladstone once said, the difference between continuous empire and empire dispersed over sea is vital, that difference is not necessarily adverse to the defensibility of widely scattered maritime possessions. It is yet to be proved whether, under present conditions of naval warfare, the wide dispersion of British power is not a source of strength rather than weakness. Many maritime points to defend have assured many bases from which to attack. On the other hand, the eleven or twelve millions of square miles of the earth's land area under British rule or protectorate could be endangered by only two formidable bases of attack by a large invading army, without first reckoning with the offensive power of the strongest fleet in the world. If the government of the United States should ever again declare war against Great Britain, it could send an army across a Canadian border-line unprotected for many hundreds of miles. Or if Russia, braving the difficulties of transportation, should attempt an invasion of India by way of Afghan Turkestan and Cabul, British naval power would be useless in checking the Russian advance.



"THE EXULTATION AND DERISION IN CONTINENTAL CAPITALS."

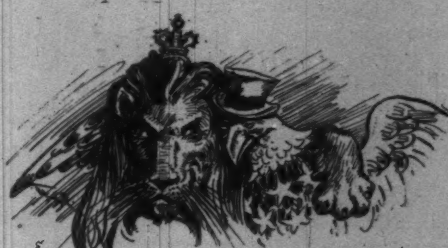


"THE FUTURE OF MY EMPIRE POINTS TO THE SEA."

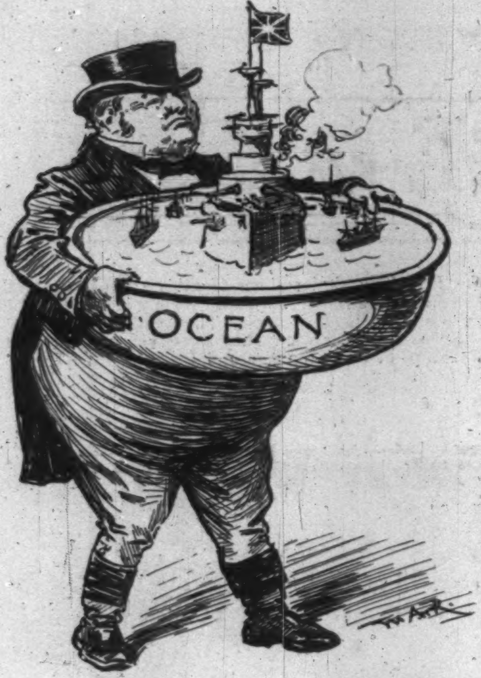
But it would hardly be too much to say that both these contingencies have been made more remote by recent readjustments in international relations. These have been less due to treaties and diplomacy than to an awakening to the consciousness of race among English-speaking peoples, and are aiding the moral reunion of two great nations politically divided and to some extent estranged for more than a century. The attitude of Continental Europe in regard to the Spanish war, and British friendship for this country, showed that the English-speaking peoples have been grouped as one by foreign opinion, that they are supposed to stand for the same fundamental principles, and may be expected to act jointly in presence of a common peril. This great change has disturbed the former balance of power in Europe, and may detach certain prudential friendships. Notwithstanding the Triple Alliance, Germany has never quite given up the Bismarckian doctrine of the necessity of maintaining good relations with Russia; but the Anglo-American understanding is well calculated to enable Germany to dispense with any such necessity. If the future of his empire points to the sea, as the Kaiser has publicly declared, it is not to be presumed that he will slight the advantage of a friendly understanding with a power best able to impart the secret of profitable colonizing. Germany's present attitude in foreign affairs has undoubtedly been influenced by the friendly feeling between this country and Great Britain. Among the dangers asserted to threaten the British Empire in the present crisis this country and Germany could not be included. Nor, in default of any sign of Russian advance on India, is there special reason for alarm from that source. In view of the deep absorption of Russian energy in the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway, development of interests in China, and financial reconstruction at home, there could hardly be a less auspicious time for an attempt on British supremacy in India. The army officers, impatient of advancement and perhaps alive to the opportunities of peculation, would no doubt favor such an attempt, but weighty reasons of state are in their way. Besides, Russia is watched by Japan, and any serious diversion of Russian military strength might result in a Japanese invasion of Korea. Nor can it be denied that the Anglo-American understanding is a new factor in political calculations at St. Petersburg.

The real strength of the British Empire in warfare is measured by sea power and the protection it affords to transport of troops to the coasts of an enemy. For this reason statistics of the military strength of other nations as compared with that of the empire are not specially illuminating. As already noted, no large army of a great power could invade British territory, from a land base, except on the Canadian and northwest Indian frontiers. Elsewhere the war would be naval, and on the British side would be carried on under conditions quite unequalled for aggressive operations. Any hostile power possessed of colonies would be subject to risk of their loss. "The ocean," says Sir Charles Dilke, "is, in fact, a British possession; not indeed a British property conveyed or settled by treaties or title-deeds, but English in the sense that Englishmen, incomparably more than others, use it and occupy it." This occupancy has, indeed, attained a settled efficiency unique among maritime nations. Its naval aspect is expressed by fortified coaling-stations, established where strategic colonial seaports can be defended and British ocean trade routes can be best commanded. Each of the more important stations is fitted to be an independent centre of naval operations. It is interesting to quote here the opinion of M. Lockroy, the French ex-Minister of Marine, in a recently published interview in the *Figaro*. As the French fleet ranks next to the British in size, and considerably exceeds either the Russian or the Italian, the comparison will serve a double purpose. M. Lockroy says: "The English are more than twice as strong as we. They have nearly six hundred war-ships of every tonnage and form, to which they can add three or four hundred steamers ready to be armed for war. They are strong enough to confront France and the Triple Alliance combined. The number of their vessels is not only vastly more formidable than ours and their personnel more numerous, but their organization is incontestably superior to that of all the other fleets in the world. . . . On all the seas our fleet finds itself before an English fleet double or triple in number, and commanded by young officers. In all the seas the English have *points d'appui*—that is to say, ports where they can replenish their coal, repair damages, and find both food and munitions. We have nothing, or almost nothing, in comparison. To-day to have a fleet is nothing; it is merely a thing for show. The thing necessary is to have for that fleet coaling-stations in all parts of the world. A fleet without such stations is, as Admiral Vallon said, like a goat tied to a stake. The cord that holds her may be more or less strong, but there she is, tied." He might have added that the more important of these stations are also practically impregnable fortresses.

In the present urgency of competitive world-commerce, British sea power has a greater importance than ever before. In the last resort the weaker navy means the weaker maritime commerce, and there is an eager watch to grasp precarious trade from those unable to hold it. France, for example, is now bending renewed energy upon the improvement of her colonial empire into paying returns. But if she had staked a war upon Fashoda, her army would have been useless and her navy inadequate. Nor could the naval power of Russia have been an efficient aid, as it consists of four distinct fleets, three of which are tied up in part for local operations in the Baltic, Black, and Caspian seas respectively, while the fourth protects Port Arthur and Vladivostok. Had war been declared, the French colonial empire would have been attacked at once. No more favorable opportunity could have been desired for the settlement of the Newfoundland west



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING.

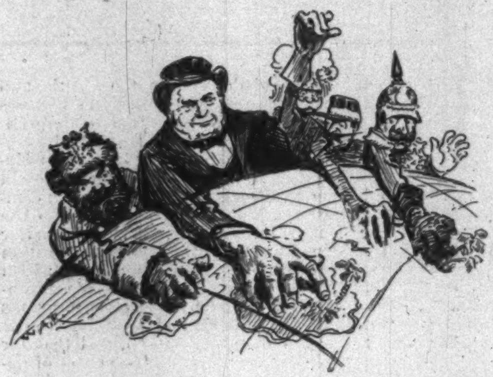


"THE OCEAN IS A BRITISH POSSESSION."

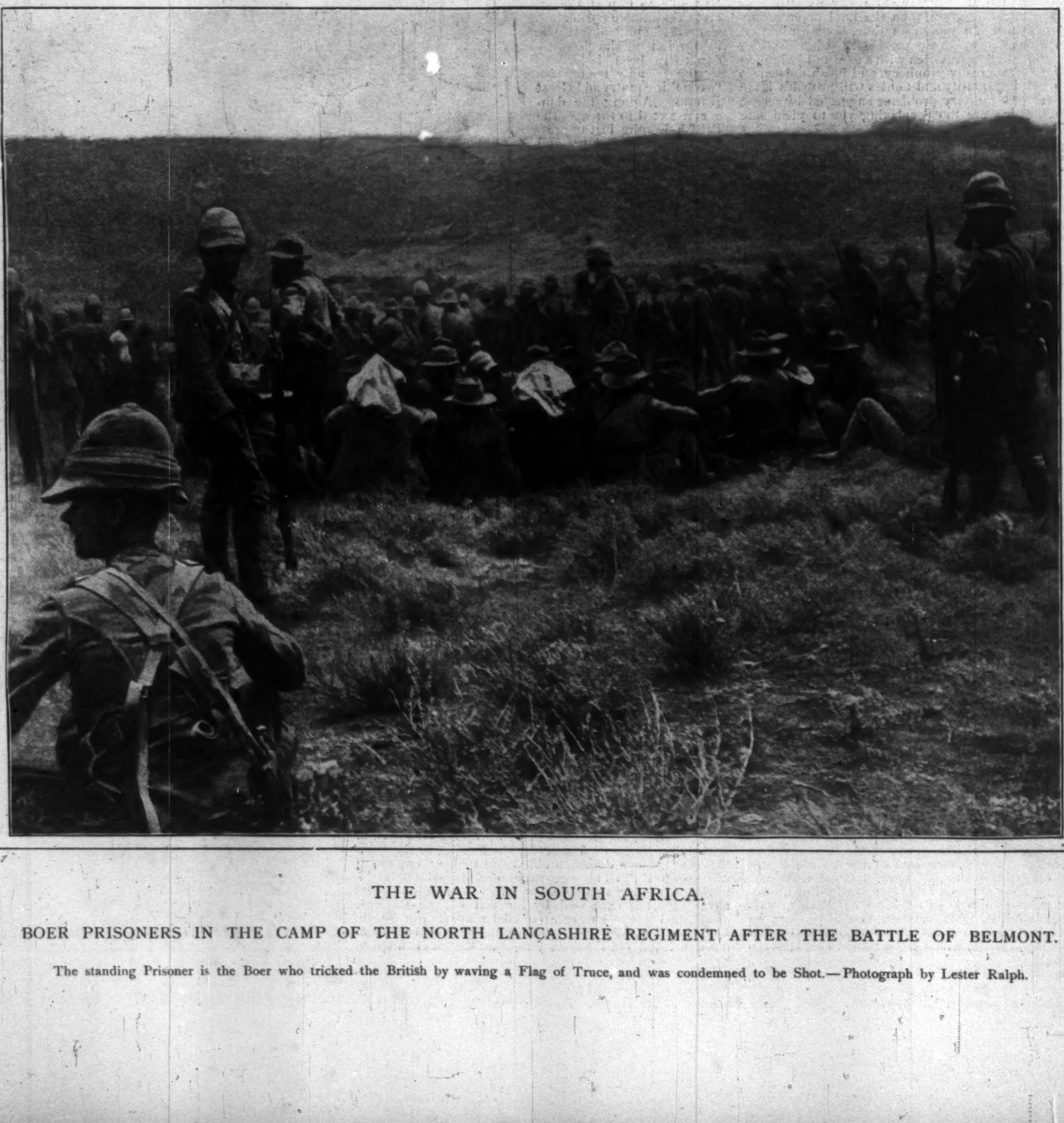
shore difficulty by the capture of St. Pierre and Miquelon. Halifax and St. John's, Newfoundland, would have served for naval bases. Operations could have been simultaneously directed against Martinique and Gaudeloupe in the West Indies, where two strongly fortified naval stations—Kingston, Jamaica, and the island of St. Lucia—are within easy striking-distance. Then, again, Madagascar could have been attacked from the powerful naval station of Mauritius, a comparatively short distance to the east. To the southwest on the African coast is the British port of Durban. New Caledonia could have been attacked from Sydney or Brisbane on the east coast of Australia. The Asian possessions and protectorates of France are within reach of Hong-kong, Singapore, and Trincomalee in Ceylon, all fortified naval and coaling stations of the first importance. This is not a complete enumeration of the naval bases available against France. Such an enumeration would show that the whole colonial empire of that country would be endangered in the event of war with Great Britain. And the French colonial empire is, with the exception of the British, far more extensive than any other.

In view of these facts, what special peril can be said to menace the British Empire on account of the war in South Africa? An eminent American naval designer, writing on this topic, said recently that the whole continent of Europe could not land one soldier in South Africa or anywhere else against the will of England, and that if England wants to crush the Transvaal she will do it simply and solely by virtue of her overmastering sea power. That does not agree with the calculations of those who stake the integrity of the British Empire on recent or future reverses in this war. As long as sea mastery remains to one of the belligerents, a steady supply of troops and munitions of war can be poured into South Africa, until the last man willing to fight there for British supremacy has been enrolled.

Undoubtedly the loss of imperial prestige will have a bad effect upon the dark-skinned populations under British rule. In South Africa a black rising either for or against the British would be disastrous, but the progress of the war thus far has not made it imminent. There is, however, a fanatic Moslem population among the hills of northern India that has the temper of revolt. There is another in Central Africa which Kitchener's victories did not touch. But any weakening in the allegiance of subject races has been more than counteracted by the support of the self-governing colonies. This has been given with a heartiness that has already solved in part the problem of imperial unity for purposes of defence, and points unmistakably to further consolidation of the empire. The Australian and Canadian contingents have done more for that great cause than many years of political agitation could do. From the military as well as the naval point of view the action of these colonies has discovered for the mother-country a new recruiting-ground—jealously guarded, of course, by local control, yet promptly offered in a grave crisis of the empire. It would be hard to imagine any serious British war of the future in which this precedent of loyalty will not be followed. If the colonies have not yet counted the cost of this significant departure, they have at least revealed a temper that will be strenuous to fight for the maintenance of the whole empire. That result alone balances the temporary loss of prestige from a few repulses in South Africa. It may also help to explain why no Continental government acts, although press and people may revile and threaten. Probably none of them deems it expedient for the present to be more than an interested spectator of British armies fighting under cover of the navy's guns. There is no real encouragement for them in Magersfontein and Colenso. A dozen repulses of that kind would not shorten the striking-distance of a single British ship of war.



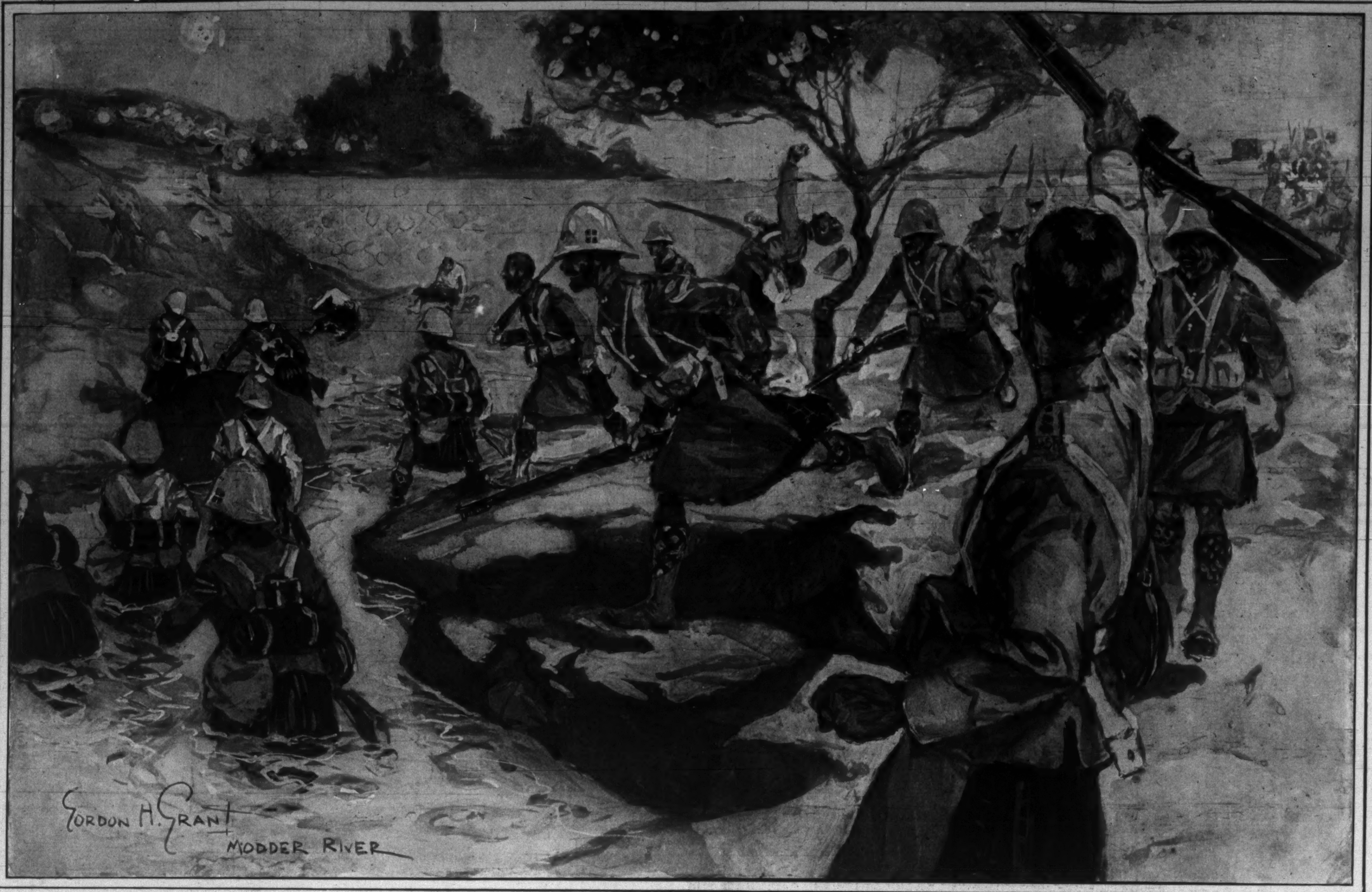
"THE LONGEST REACH IN LAND-GRABBING."



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

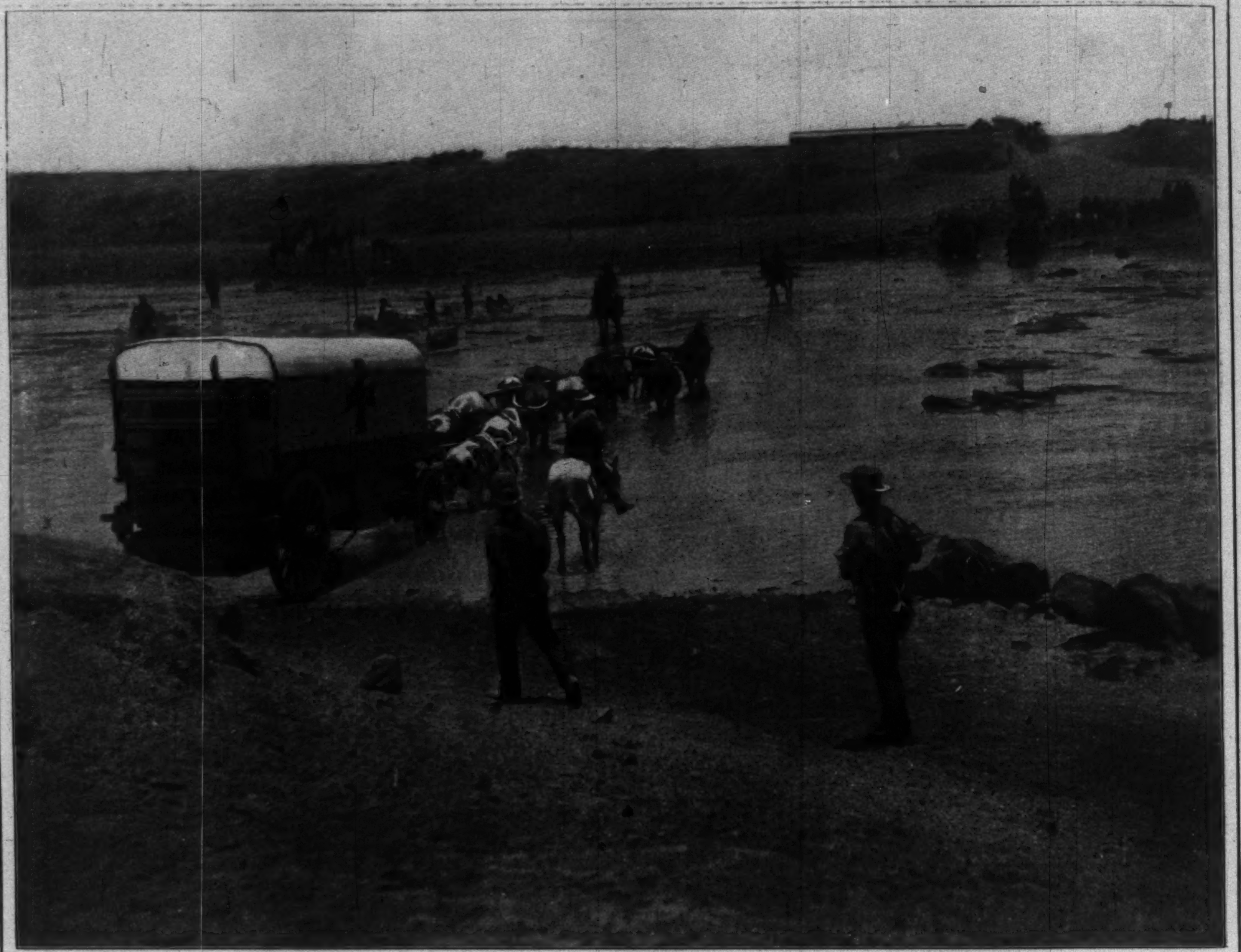
BOER PRISONERS IN THE CAMP OF THE NORTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT AFTER THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

The standing Prisoner is the Boer who tricked the British by waving a Flag of Truce, and was condemned to be Shot.—Photograph by Lester Ralph.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—CHARGE OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS ACROSS THE RIVER BELOW THE DAM AT THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER, NOVEMBER 28, 1899.—DRAWN ON THE FIELD BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

The Officers are equipped with Rifles, in the same way as the Privates, all their distinctive Marks being removed from their Uniforms in order partially to protect them from the Boer Sharpshooters. The Highland Regiments wear Khaki Aprons over their Kilts, the dark Color of the Tartan affording too good a Target.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—AN AMBULANCE FORDING THE MODDER RIVER AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 28.
PHOTOGRAPH BY LESTER RALPH.

Army Reorganization

ONE of the most important matters which will shortly come before Congress is that of the proposed reorganization of the army of the United States. The present military strength, as allowed by law, is about 100,000 men, regulars and volunteers. July 1, 1901, this army will be reduced to the regular force of less than 30,000 men. It is evident that some provision must and will be made by Congress, before that date, for an increase in the size of the regular army, or a continuation of some feature of the volunteer auxiliary force. An increase in the regular force is advocated by the Secretary of War, by all military men, and by all others who realize the great evils of a mixed establishment. An increase in the regular force is opposed by certain politicians and theorists, who are vainly demanding a millennium before it is due.

The commanding general of the army has urged the adoption of an elastic scale in determining the legal size of the army, say one soldier for every 1000 inhabitants as determined by each census, and his idea finds very general support among military experts. It is probable that, whether the scale is made elastic or not, this proportion represents the army needed by the United States for garrison and field duty at home and in the new possessions. The necessity of a larger army than the present regular force is admitted by all, and while there may be some discussion as to the proper size, an increase will prevail with Congress when the time comes to provide for it.

A mere increase in the number of soldiers is not all that is proposed, however, for it is generally admitted that to carry out the larger idea in the most effective manner the present army system needs to be changed. The belief in the necessity of such a change is almost as unanimous as that the army must be enlarged, but unfortunately there are serious differences between those best qualified to speak as to what these changes should be.

Great confusion apparently exists in the mind of the American public as to the meaning of the term "army staff," as used in the United States and in Europe. It may be well, therefore, to state here that the "staff" of the German army, as an instance, comprises only what are approximately known in the American army as the Adjutant-General's and the Inspector-General's departments, while in the American army the word "staff" is used to designate not only these, but the supply, transportation, ordnance, medical, pay, and other departments as well, hence considerable confusion has arisen in the discussion of the comparative merits of the two systems of army organization. A great deal has been published in advocacy of an "interchangeable staff and line, such as exists in the great armies of Europe." This has been taken to mean that officers of the American army should serve three or four or more years in the line, then be transferred to the "staff," meaning by the latter term the supply departments, as well as those of direction, control, and information. Some apparent warrant has been given for this latter idea by a paragraph in the last report of the Secretary of War, who recommends:

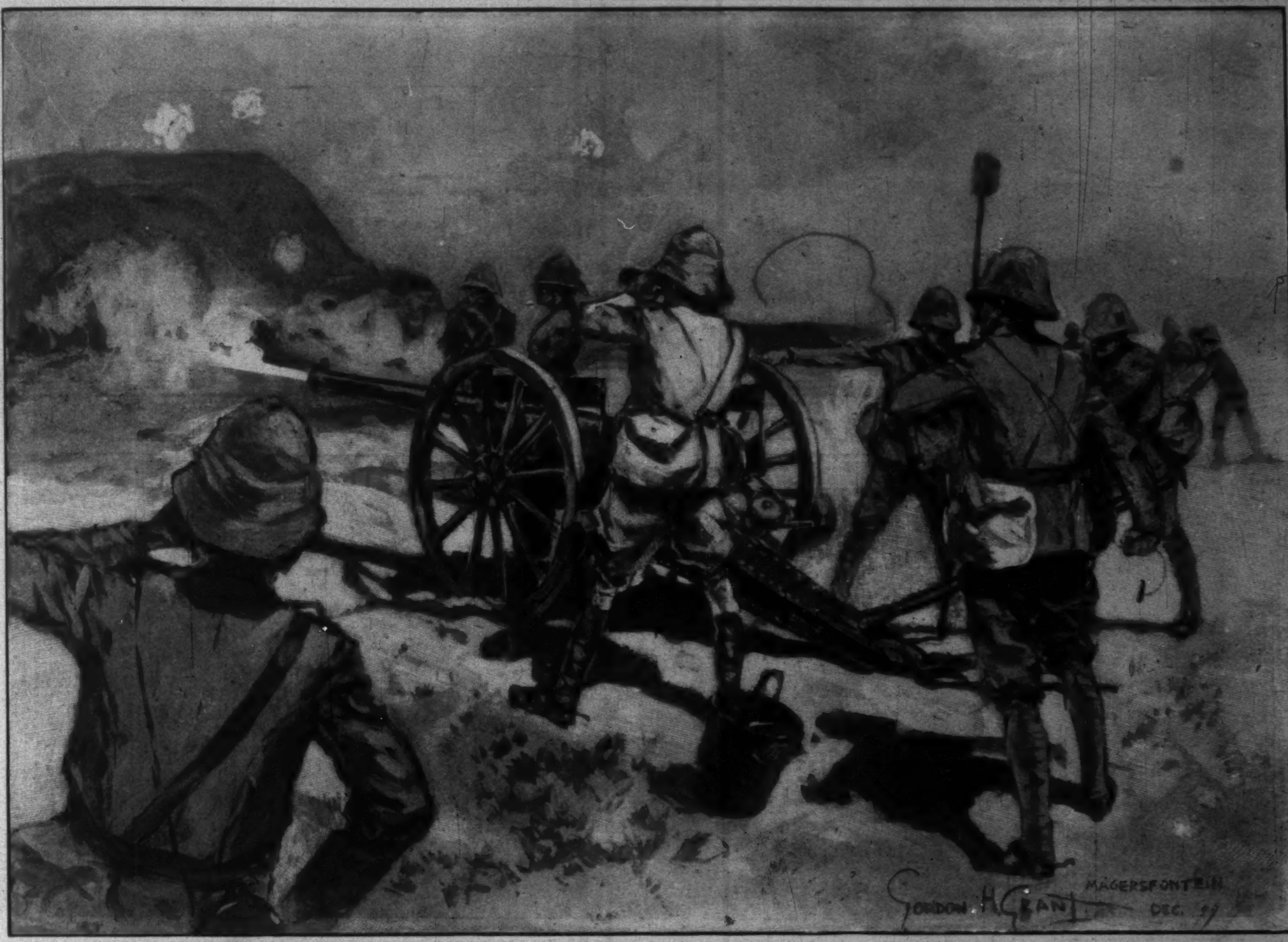
> That all staff appointments other than medical should hereafter be made from the line of the army for a fixed period of, say, four or five years, the holder to return to the line at the end of the period, and not to be eligible to reappointment until after at least one year's service in the line, and that after the expiration of a reasonable period the selection of staff appointments should be made on the basis of proficiency and fitness, as shown in the war college (or heretofore in the service schools), including as elements for consideration both the work done during the period of detail and the post-graduate work. Excepting, however, that such appointments should also be permitted for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field.

It is well understood now, however, that the Secretary of War did not intend to enter into any detailed discussion as to what was best, but that he intended merely to indicate on the broadest possible lines the general idea which he believed should be followed in reorganizing the regular army. The Committee on Military Affairs in the House will introduce shortly an army bill which will propose several radical changes in the present system, and this bill will represent the views of the War Department, for the measure is now being prepared under its suggestion. A consensus of opinion in that department indicates that the bill will propose a war college from which, in time, to select officers for a general staff, this general staff to perform the functions of direction, control, and information on military affairs. It will thus absorb the Inspector-General's department, reduce the Adjutant-General's department to one merely of record, and absorb the department of military information. The chief of the general staff will be the major-general commanding the army, who would thus become the real as well as the nominal head of military affairs, and be brought into close touch with the office of the Secretary of War, second only to the Secretary in authority, and his sole medium for carrying out in detail the military policy of the government. Under this measure the commissary, quartermaster, medical, and pay departments will be left as they are now.

It has been with the idea that the Secretary of War intended to recommend that the commissary and quartermaster departments should be included in the "interchangeable line and staff scheme" that the most serious criticism of his recommendations has come from military men, for they naturally do not believe that the present expert buyers and transportation men can be replaced successfully by men from the line. In short, they do not believe that it is practical to include the supply department in the "general staff." As is shown, however, the Secretary did not intend that his recommendations should be taken as a detailed plan; he merely intended them as the outline of a general scheme to be filled out later when the matter came up for final consideration. This position does away with nearly all of the objections which have been heard to the organization of a "general staff" for the American army on similar lines to those prevailing in the great armies of Europe.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.
See Page 89.

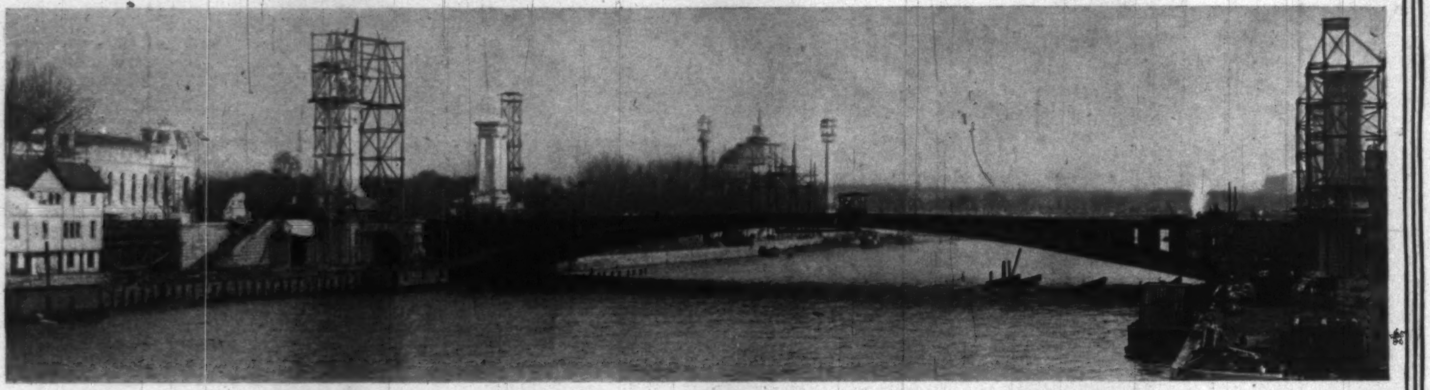

GORDON H. GRANT
MAGERSFONTEIN
DEC. 99

BRITISH ARTILLERY SHELLING THE KOPJES AT MAGERSFONTEIN, DECEMBER 11, 1899.
DRAWN ON THE FIELD BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

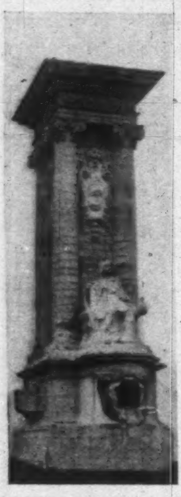
GORDON H. GRANT
MODDER RIVER

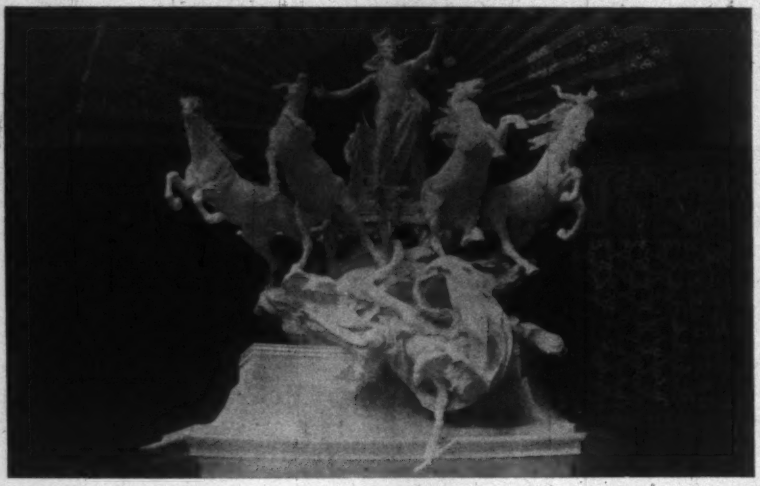
THE ROYAL ENGINEERS BUILDING A RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE MODDER RIVER.
DRAWN ON THE FIELD BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."
The Iron Structure blown up by the Boers is to be seen in the Background. The armored Train is on the Embankment.

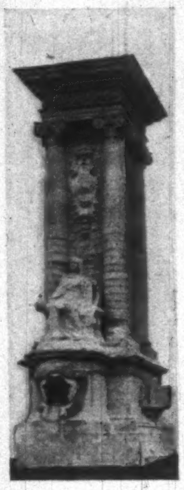
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



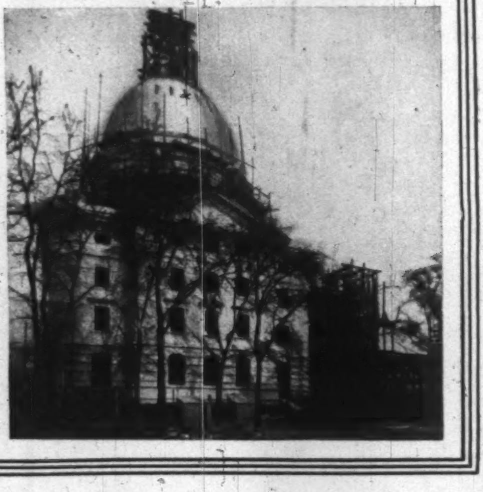
THE PONT ALEXANDRE III. AS IT APPEARED IN DECEMBER.



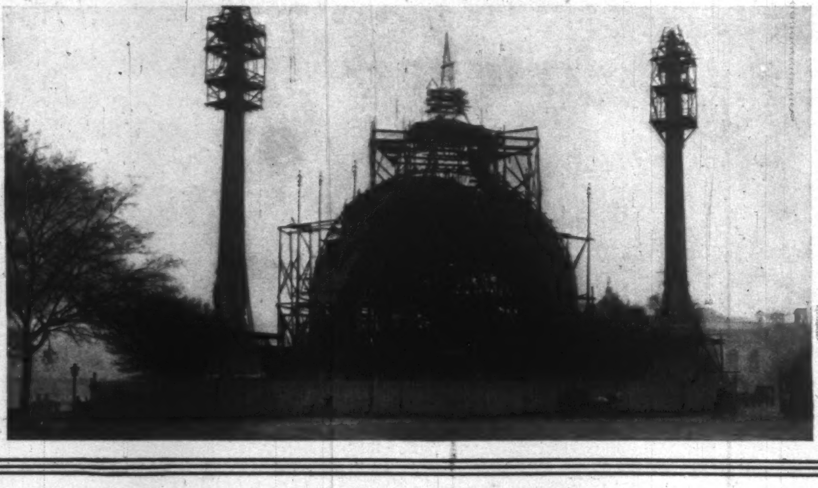




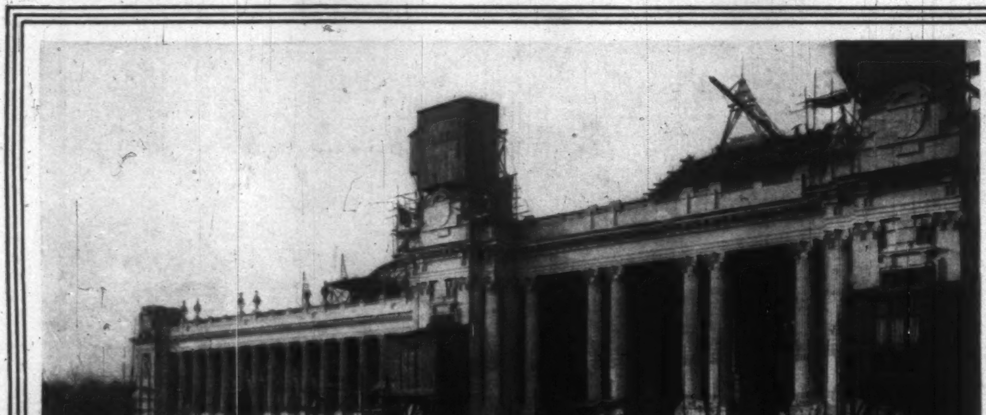
MODEL OF QUADRIGA BY RÉCIPON.
To be placed on the Palace of Fine Arts.



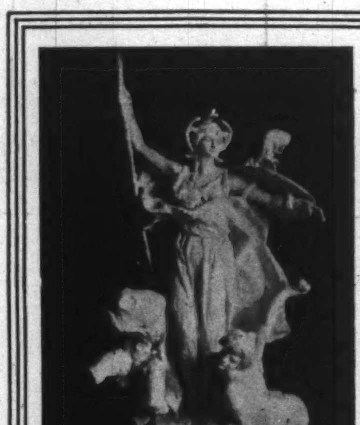
THE UNITED STATES BUILDING.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

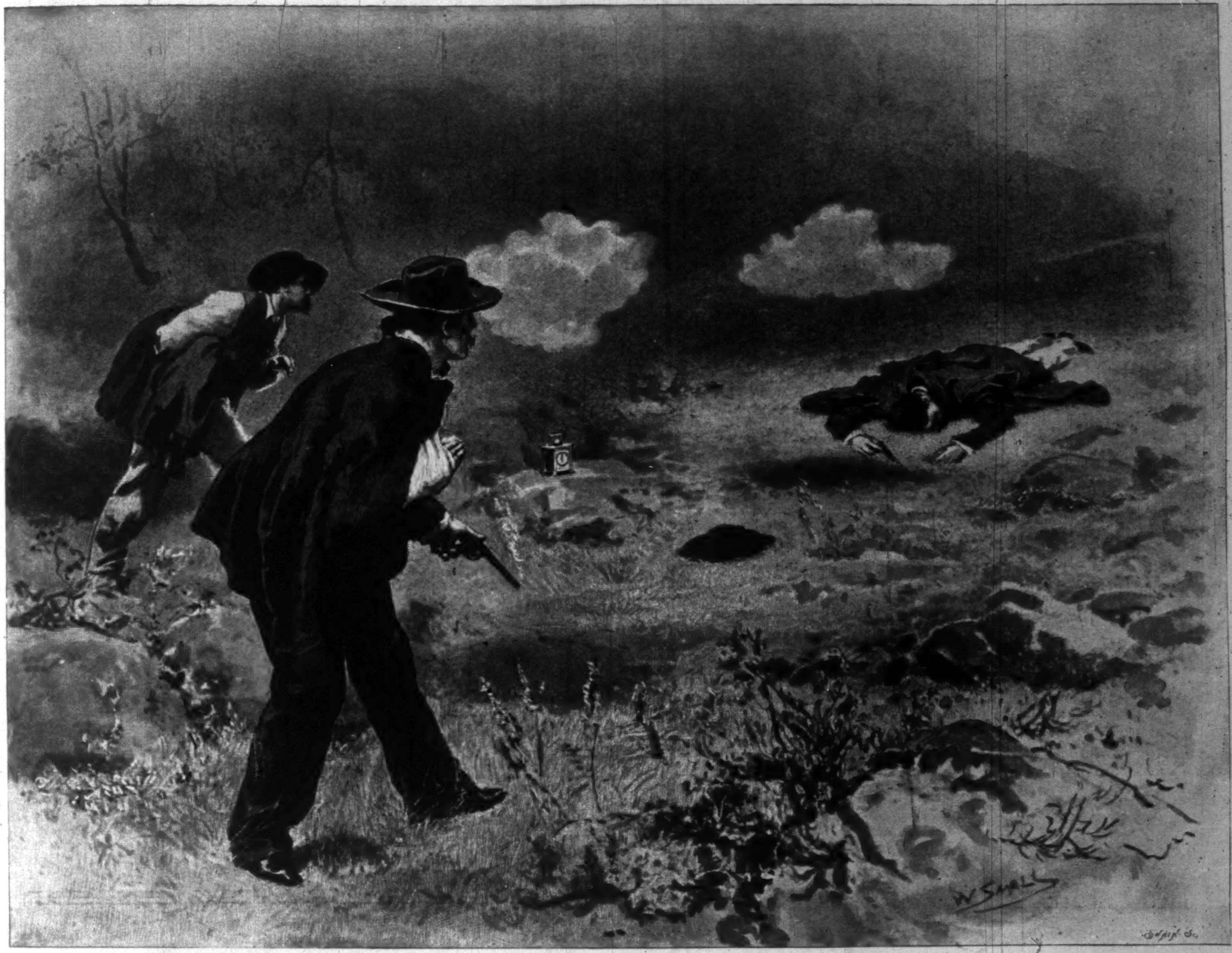


THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.



MODEL OF MINERVA.
For Palace of Fine Arts.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AS THEY APPEAR AT PRESENT.



THE LITTLE CLOCK STRUCK, THERE WERE TWO SHOTS, AND BERNALDEZ FELL FORWARD.

A SMALL WORLD.

By Henry Seton Merriman

II.

"THERE, señorita—I have made it myself."

The proprietor of the Venta of the Moor's Mill set down upon the table in front of the inn a cracked dish containing an omelette. It was not a bad omelette, though not quite innocent of wood-ash, perhaps, and somewhat ill-shapen. The man laughed gayly and drew himself up. So handsome a man could surely be forgiven a broken omelette and some charcoal, if only for the sake of his gay blue eyes, his curling brown hair, and his devil-may-care air of prosperity. He looked at the señorita and laughed in the manner of a man who had never yet failed to "get on" with women. He folded his arms with fine open gestures, and stood looking with approving nods upon his own handiwork. He was without the shadow of the trailing vine which runs riot over bamboo trellis-work in front of the Venta, affording a much-needed shade in this the sunniest spot in all Majorca, and the fierce sun beat down upon his face, which was tanned a deep healthy brown. He was clad almost in white; for his trousers were of canvas, his shirt of spotless linen. Round his waist he wore the usual Spanish faja, or bright red cloth. He was consciously picturesque, and withal so natural, so good-natured, so astonishingly optimistic, as to be quite inoffensive in his childlike conceit.

The Venta of the Moor's Mill stands, as many know, at the northern end of the Val d'Erraha, looking down upon the broader valley, through which runs the highroad from Palma to Valdemosa. The city of Palma itself is only a few miles away, for such as know the mountain path. Few customers come this way, and the actual trade of the Venta is small. Some day a German doctor will start a nerve-healing establishment here, with a table d'hôte at six o'clock, and every opportunity for practising the minor virtues—and the Valley of Repose will be the Valley of Repose no longer.

"Ah! It is a good omelette," said the host of the Venta, as Miss Cheyne took up her fork. "Though I have not always been a cook—nor yet an innkeeper."

He raised one finger, shook it from side to side in an emphatic negation, and laughed. Then he turned suddenly and looked down into the valley, with a grave face and almost a sigh.

The man had a history, it appeared—and, still rarer, was willing to tell it.

She knew too much of the Spanish race, or perhaps of all men, to ask any questions.

"Yes," she said, pleasantly, "it is a good omelette."

And the man turned sharply and looked at her, as if she had said something startling. She noticed his action, and showed surprise.

"It is nothing," he said, with a laugh; "only a coincident—a mere accident. It is said by the peasants that the mind of a friend has wings. Perhaps it is so. As I looked down into the valley I was thinking of a man—a friend. Yes—name of a saint—he was a friend of mine, although a gentleman! Educated, yes—many languages, and Latin. And I—what am I? You see, señorita, a peasant who wears no coat."

And he laughed heartily, only to change again suddenly to gravity.

"And as I looked down into the valley I was thinking of my friend—and, believe me, you spoke at that moment with something in your voice—in your manner—who knows?—which was like the voice and manner of my friend. Perhaps, señorita, the peasants are right, and the mind of my friend, having wings, flew to us at that moment."

The lady laughed, and said that it might be so.

"It is not that you are English," the innkeeper continued, with easy volubility. "For I know you belong to no other nation. I said so to myself the moment I saw you riding up here on horseback alone. I called up stairs to Juanita that there was an English señorita coming on a horse, and Juanita replied with a malediction that I should raise my voice when the niño was asleep. She said that if it was the Pope of Rome who came on a horse he must not wake the child. 'No,' I answered, 'but he would have to go up stairs to see it,' and Juanita did not laugh. She sees no cause to laugh at anything connected with the niño—oh no! it is a serious matter."

He was looking towards the house as he spoke.

"Juanita is your wife?" said the English woman.

"Yes. We have been married a year, and I am still sure that she is the most beautiful woman in the world. Is it not wonderful? And she will be jealous if she hears me talking all this while with the señorita."

"You can tell her that the señorita has gray hair," said Miss Cheyne, practically.

"That may be," said the innkeeper, looking at her with his head on one side and a gravely critical air. "But you still have the air"—he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands—"the air that takes a man's fancy. Who knows?"

Miss Cheyne, who had dealt much with a simple people accustomed to the statement of simple facts in plain language, only laughed. There is a certain rough purity of thought which vanishes at the advance of civilization. And cheap journalism, cheap fiction, cheap prudery have not yet reached Spain.

"I know nothing," went on the man, with a shrewd upward nod of the head. "But the señorita has a lover. He may be faithless, he may be absent, he may be dead; but he is there—the God be thanked!"

He touched his broad chest in that part where a deadly experience told him that the heart was to be found, and looked up to heaven, all with a change of expression and momentary gravity quite incomprehensible to men of Northern breed.

Miss Cheyne laughed again without self-consciousness. Uneducated people have a way of arriving at once at those matters that interest rich and poor alike, which is rather refreshing, even to the highly educated.

"But I, who talk like a washer-woman, forget that I am an innkeeper," said the man, with a truer tact than is often found under fine linen. And he proceeded to wait on her with a grand air, as if she were a queen and he a nobleman.

"If Juanita were about it would be different," he said, whipping the cloth from the table and shaking the crumbs to the four winds. "And the señorita would be properly served. But what will you? The niño is but a fortnight old, and I—I am new at my trade. The señorita takes coffee?"

Miss Cheyne intimated that she did take coffee.

"And you, perhaps, will take a cup also," she added, whereupon the man bowed in his best manner. He had that perfect *savoir-faire*—a certain innate gentlemanliness—which is the characteristic of all Spaniards. His manner indicated an appreciation of the honor, and conveyed at the same time the intimation that he knew quite well how to behave under the circumstances.

He went into the house, from which—all the doors and windows being open—came the sound of his conversation with Juanita while he prepared the coffee. It was quite a frank and open conversation, having Miss Cheyne for its object, and stating that she had not only found the omelette good, but had eaten it all.

Presently he returned, with the coffee-pot, two cups, and a small jug of cream on a tray. He turned the handle of the coffee-pot towards Miss Cheyne, and conveyed in one inimitable gesture that he would take his coffee from no other hand.

"The señorita is staying in Palma?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Yes."

"For pleasure?"

"No—for business."

The innkeeper laughed gayly and deprecatingly, as if between persons of their station business was a word only to be mentioned as a sort of jest.

"I am the owner of a small property in the island—over in that direction—towards Soller. It is held on the 'rotas' system by a good farmer, who has frequently come to see me where I live at Monistrol, near Barcelona. He has often begged me to come to Majorca to see the property, and now I have come. I am staying a few days at Palma."

"Farming is good in Majorca," said the man, shrewdly. "You should receive a large sum for your share of the harvest. I, too, shall buy land presently, when I see my chance, for I have the money. Ah, yes; I was not always an innkeeper!"

He sipped his coffee pensively.

"That reminds me again of my friend," he said, after a pause. "Why do I think of him this afternoon? It is a strange story. Shall I tell it?"

"I shall be glad to hear it," replied Miss Cheyne, in her energetic way. She was stirring her coffee slowly and thoughtfully.

"I knew him in his own country—in America; and then in Cuba—"

Miss Cheyne ceased stirring her coffee suddenly, as if she had come against some object in the cup. A keen observer might have guessed that she had become interested at that moment in this idle tale.

"Ah! You know Cuba?" she said, indifferently interrogative.

"If I know Cuba?" He laughed, and spread out his hands in mute appeal to the gods. "If I know Cuba! When Cuba is an independent republic, señorita—when the history of all this trouble comes to be written—you will find two names mentioned in its pages. The one name is Antonio. When you are an old woman, señorita, you can tell your children—or perhaps your grandchildren, if the good God is kind to you—that you once knew Antonio, and took a cup of coffee with him. But you must not say it now—never—never! And the other name is Mateo. You can tell your children, señorita, when your hair is white, that you once spoke to a man who was a friend to this Mateo."

He finished with his gay laugh, as if he were fully alive to his own fine conceit and begged indulgence.

"He has been here—sitting where you sit now," he continued, with impressive gravity. "He came to me. 'Antonio,' he said, 'there are five thousand men out there who want you.' 'Amigo,' replied I, 'there is one woman here who does the same,' and I bowed, and Mateo went away without me. I thought he had gone back there—to conduct affairs—to fight in his careless way, with his tongue in his cheek, as it were. He did all with his tongue in his cheek—that queer Mateo. And then came a message from Barcelona, saying that he wanted me. Name of a dog, I went—for his letter was unmistakable. He had, it appeared, had an accident. I found him with his arm in a sling. He had been cared for in the house of an English woman—so much he told—but I guessed more. This English woman—well, he said so little about her that I could only conclude one thing. You know, señorita—when a man will not talk of a woman . . . well, it assuredly means something. But there was, it appears, another man. This man—I grind my teeth to tell you of it—he was a priest; one Bernaldez, whom we had both known in Cuba. He had, it appears, come over to Spain in ordinary dress; for he was too well known to travel as Bernaldez the priest. He was a fine man—so much I will say for him. The English woman was no doubt beautiful. Bernaldez met her. She did not know that he was a priest."

Antonio paused, shugged his shoulders, and spread out his arms.

"The devil did the rest, señorita. And she? Did she care for him? Ah, one never knows with women!"

"Perhaps they do not always know themselves," suggested Miss Cheyne, without meeting her companion's eyes.

"Perhaps that is so, señorita. At all events, Mateo went to these two, when they were together. Mateo was always quick and very calm. He faced Bernaldez, and he told the woman. Then he left them. And I found him in Barcelona two days afterwards, living at the Hotel of the Four Nations, like one in his sleep. 'If Bernaldez wants me,' he said, 'he knows where to find me.' And the next day Bernaldez came to us, where we sat in front of the Café of the Liceo on the Rambla. 'Mateo,' he said, 'you will have to fight me.' And Mateo nodded his head. 'With the revolver.' Mateo looked up with his dry smile. 'I will take you at that game,' he said, 'for nuts'—in the American fashion, señorita—one of their strange, sad jokes. Then Bernaldez sat down; his eyes were hollow; he spoke like one who had been down to the bottom of misery. 'I know a place,' he said, 'that will suit our purpose. It is among the mountains, on the borders of Andorra. You take the train from Barcelona to Berga, the diligencia from Berga to Orgaña. Between Orgaña and La Seo de Urgel is a bridge called La Puente del Diabolo. I will meet you at this bridge on foot on Thursday morning at nine o'clock. We can walk up into the mountains together. I shall bring a small travelling-clock with me. We shall stand it on the ground between us, and when it strikes, we fire.'"

Antonio had, in the heat of his narrative, leant forward across the table. With quick gestures he described the whole scene, so that Miss Cheyne could see it as it had passed before his eyes.

"There is a madness, señorita," he went on, "which shows itself by a thirst for blood. I looked at Bernaldez. He was sane enough, but I think the man's heart was broken. 'It is well,' said Mateo; 'I am your man—at the Puente del Diabolo at nine o'clock on Thursday morning.' And mind you, señorita, these were not Italians or Greeks—they were a Spaniard and an American—men who mean what they say, whether it be pleasant or the reverse."

Miss Cheyne was interested enough now. She sat, leaning one arm on the table and her chin in the palm of her hand. She held her lip with her teeth, and watched the man's quick expressive face.

"We were there at nine o'clock," he went on, "that Mateo with his arm in a sling. We had passed the night at the hotel of the Libertad at Orgaña, where we both slept well enough. What will you? When one is no longer young the pulse is slow. The morning mist had descended the mountain-side; the air was cold. There—at the Puente, leaning against the wall, cloaked and quiet—was Bernaldez. 'Ah!' he said to me, 'you have come too?' 'Yes, amigo,' I answered. 'But I do not give the word for two friends to let go at each other. Your little clock can do that.' He nodded, and said nothing. Señorita, I was sorry for the man. Who was I that I should judge? You remember—you, who read your Bible—the writing on the ground? Bernaldez led the way, and we climbed up into the mountains in the morning mist. Somewhere above us there was a little waterfall singing its eternal song. In the cloud, where we could not see him, a curlew hung on his heavy wings and gave forth his low warning whistle. 'Have a care—have a care!' he seemed to cry. Presently Bernaldez stopped and looked around him. It was a desolate place. 'This will do,' he said. 'And he who drops may be left here. The other may turn on his heel, say "Á Dios," and go in safety.' 'Yes,' answered Mateo, 'this will do as well as any other place.' Bernaldez looked at him, with a laugh. 'Ah,' he said, 'you think that you are sure to kill me—but I shall, at all events, have a shot for my money. Who knows? I may kill you.' 'That is quite possible,' answered Mateo. Bernaldez threw back his cloak. He carried the little travelling-clock in one hand—a gilt thing made in Paris. 'We will stand it here,' he said, 'on a rock between us.' We were in a little hollow far up the mountain-side, and the mist wrapped us round like a cloak. I know these mountains, señorita, for it was here that the fiercest of the fighting in the last Carlist war took place. There are many dead up there even now who have never been found. I also was in that trouble. Ah, no, I was not always an innkeeper!"

"Go on with your story," said Miss Cheyne, curtly, and closed her teeth over her lower lip again.

"We stood there, then, and watched Bernaldez take the clock from its case. He held it to his ear to make sure that it was going. It seemed to me that it ticked as loud up there as a clock ticks in a room at night. Bernaldez set forward the hands till they stood at five minutes to eleven. 'The eleventh hour,' said Mateo, with his dry laugh. Bernaldez set the clock down again. He took off his hat and threw it down to mark the ground. 'Ten paces,' he said, and turning on his heel, counted aloud. I looked half instinctively at his bared head. The tonsure was still visible to any who sought it, for it was but half grown over. Mateo counted his steps, and then turned. The clock gave a little tick, as such clocks do, four minutes before they strike. It seemed to me to hurry its pace as we three stood listening in that silence. We could hear the whisper of the clouds as they hurried through the mountains. The clock gave another click, and the two men raised their pistols, of a similar pattern. The little gong rang out, and immediately after two shots, one following the other. Bernaldez had fired first. Mateo—a man with a reputation to care for—took a moment longer for his aim. I heard Bernaldez's bullet sing past his ear like a mosquito. Bernaldez fell forward—thus, on his arms—and the clock had not ceased striking when we stood over him; and Mateo had held the pistol in his left hand—"

The narrator finished abruptly, with a quick gesture. All through his story he had added a vividness to his description by quick movements of the hand and head, by his flashing eyes, his Southern fire, so that his hearer could see the scene as he had seen it; could feel the stillness of the mountains; could hear the whisper of the clouds; could see the two men facing each other in the mist. With a gesture he showed her how Bernaldez lay, on his face on the wet stones, with the half-concealed tonsure towards heaven in mute appeal, awaiting the last great hearing of his case in that Court where there is no appeal.

"And there we left him, señorita," added Antonio, shortly. He rose, walked away from her to the edge of the great slope, and stood looking down into the valley that lay shimmering below him. After a time he came back slowly. In his simplicity he was not ashamed of dimmed eyes.

"I tell you this, señorita," he said, with a laugh, "because you are an English woman, and because this Mateo was my friend. He is an American; his name is Whittaker—Matthew S. Whittaker. And this afternoon I was reminded of him, I know not why. Perhaps it was something that I said myself or some gesture that I made, which I had caught from him. If one thinks much about a person, one may catch his gestures or his manner. Is it not so? And then you reminded me of him a second time. That was strange."

"Yes," said Miss Cheyne, thoughtfully, "that was strange."

"He went to Cuba again at once, señorita—that was a year ago. And I have never heard from him. If, as the peasants say, the mind of a friend has wings—perhaps Mateo's mind has flown on to tell me that he is coming. He said he would come back."

"Why was he coming back?" asked Miss Cheyne.

"I do not know, señorita."

Miss Cheyne had risen, and was making ready to depart. Her gloves and riding-whip lay on the table. The afternoon was far spent, and already the shadows were lengthening on the mountain-side. She paid the trifling account, Antonio taking the money with such a deep bow that the smallness of the coin was quite atoned for. He brought her horse from the stable.

"The horse and the señorita are both tired," he said, with his pleasant laugh. And indeed Miss Cheyne looked suddenly weary. "It is not right that you should go by the mountain path," he added. "It is so easy to lose the way. Besides, a lady alone—it is not done in Spain."

"No; but in England women are learning to take care of themselves," laughed Miss Cheyne. She placed her foot within his curved hands, and he lifted her to the saddle. All her movements were easy and independent. It seemed that she only stated a fact, and the man shook his head forebodingly. He belonged to a country which in some ways is a century behind England and America. She nodded a farewell, and turned her horse's head towards the mountain path.

"I shall find my way," she said. "Never fear."

"Only by good fortune," he answered, with a shake of the head.

The sun had almost set when she reached Palma. At the hotel her lawyer, who had made the voyage from Barcelona with her, awaited her with impatience, while her maid leant idly from the window. In the evening she went abroad again, alone, in her independent way. She walked slowly on the Cathedral terrace, where priests lingered, and a few soldiers from the neighboring barracks smoked a leisurely cigarette. All turned at intervals and looked in the same direction—namely, towards the west, where the daylight yet lingered in the sky. The moon, huge and yellow, was rising over the mountains, above Manacor, at the eastern end of the island. One by one the idlers dropped away, moving with leisurely steps towards the town. In very idleness, Miss Cheyne followed them. She knew that they were going to the harbor in anticipation of the arrival of the Barcelona steamer. She was on the pier with the others when the boat came alongside. The passengers trooped off, waving salutations to their friends. One among them—a small-made frail man—detached himself from the crowd and made his way towards Miss Cheyne, as if this meeting had been prearranged—and who shall say that it was not?—by the dim decrees of fate.

THE END.

Rumors

The Grand Jury is investigating the Rumor-mongers who have recently had much to do with the panicky conditions in the financial world.—Daily Papers.

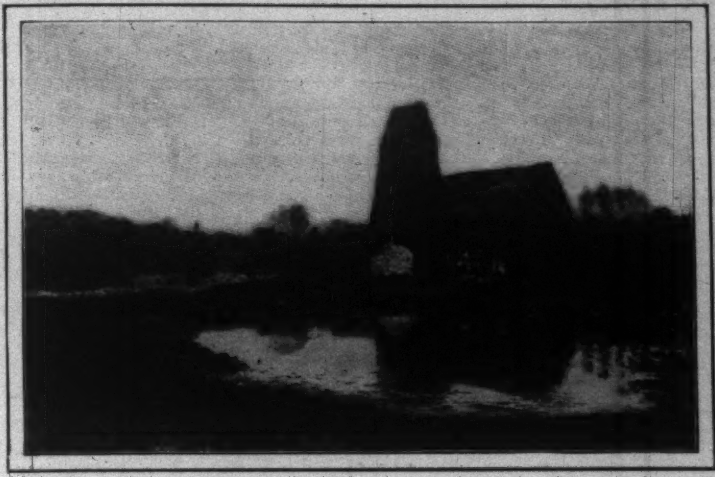
O THE rumor, how it flies!
How it soars toward the skies!
See it swoop and pirouette
Through the dry and through the wet:
Flying, flying, never resting;
Always lying,
Truth detesting.
Waxing bigger, waxing fatter—
What its basis doesn't matter—
How it looms,
Looms, looms, looms,
Desecrating homes and tombs,
Killing truth, adoring lies,
How the wicked rumor flies!

Ah! the gossips, how they spout it,
Even though they really doubt it!
How they twist and turn and word it,
How they maul it,
Never minding how they heard it
Or recall it:
Tittle-tattle,
Never stopping;
Tongues a-rattle,
Eyes a-popping.
Waxing thicker, waxing horrid,
Waxing every day more florid—
O the sinful, sinful rumor, how it looms,
Looms, looms, looms!
Running fast throughout the nation,
Caring naught for reputation:
Killing truth, adoring lies,
How the wicked rumor flies!

It is toing, it is froing—
None may tell where it is going,
None may tell where once it started;
All who mouth it chicken-hearted,
'Tis the scandal
Of the vandal!
O the tattling, tattling, tattling
Of the idle tongues a-battling,
Told by wittling and by fatling,
Tittle here, and tattle there,
Tittle-tattle everywhere,
Coward whisperings in the air
Waxing deeper, deeper, deeper,
'Mazing worker, rousing sleeper.
How it grows,
As it goes
Through the sun and through the glooms,
Unabating,
Desecrating
Homes and tombs!
Running wild, and running wilder,
Spoke by dotard, lisped by childer:
Killing truth, adoring lies—
How the wicked rumor flies!

Catch it, botch it!
Snatch it, scotch it!
Let some withering furnace burn it,
Let the tongue that's truth-clad spurn it
Ere it kills.
Don't receive it,
Don't believe it!
Never spell it,
Never tell it,
For it chills—
Chills the heart with its foul breath,
And the chill is that of death!
Kill not birds to heaven soaring,
Kill no stag, but let your warring
Be on rumor with its dooming,
In the sunlight, through the glooming:
Rescue Truth, and kill the lies
That must die when rumor dies.

ROGER CAMERDEN.



AN OLD CHURCH IN NORMANDY.—By Homer D. Martin.

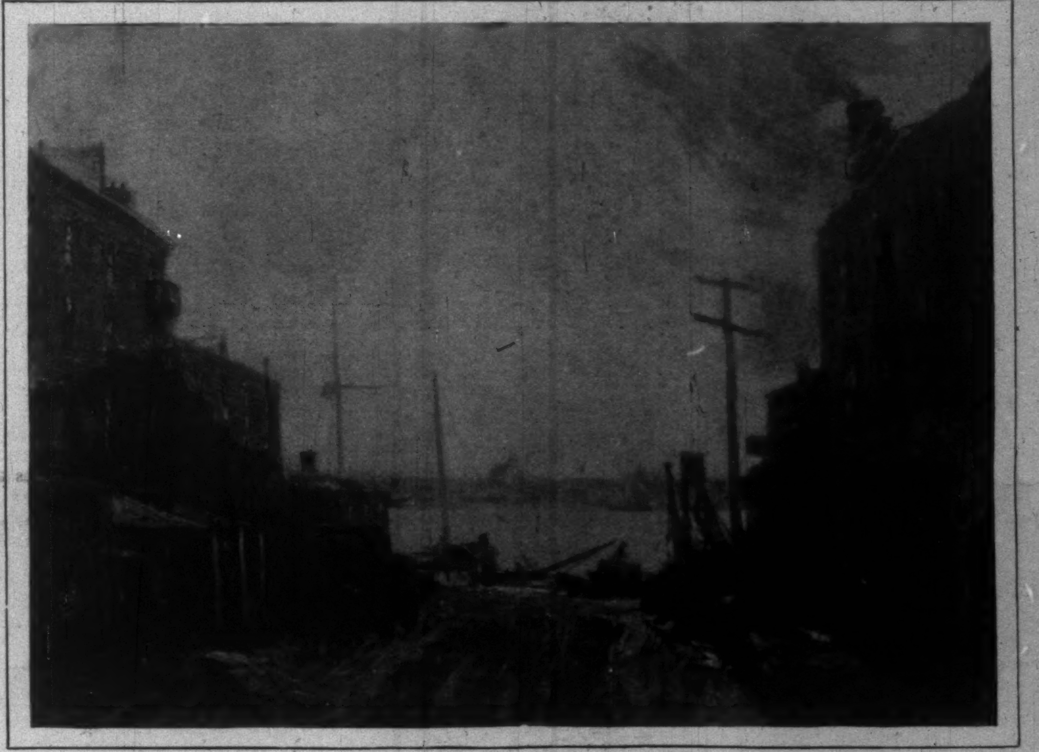
GEORGIA PINES.—By George Inness.

The Evans Sale

VERY nearly a year has passed since the sale of the Thomas B. Clarke collection. That was a notable occasion. It was the first in which a collector of exclusively American pictures had placed his treasures on the market. The event made a profound impression in New York, and interest in the sale extended throughout the country. An opportunity of deciding whether that interest was more than a spasm will be afforded by the sale of the William T. Evans collection at Chickering Hall, on January 31 and February 1 and 2, after public exhibition in the galleries of the auctioneers, the American Art Association, in Madison Square.

The conditions on this occasion are very similar. Like Mr. Clarke, Mr. Evans has been a consistent champion of American art, confining his purchases exclusively to works by his own countrymen. His predilection has been for "tonal" qualities in a picture.

Even in the first picture which he bought, "Sunday Morning in Virginia," by Winslow Homer, the appreciation of color is apparent. It is an unimportant little genre, saved from being commonplace by the mellowness of its color. But since those days both the painter and the patron have developed. Mr. Homer, through a long series of pictures, in which the aptness for story-telling has broadened into a fuller sense of the possibilities of painting, has reached the position of being—it is no exaggeration to say it—one of the foremost marine-painters of all time. There is one example of his latest development in this collection, "Weather-beaten," a huge wave bursting to spray upon the brown rocks of the coast of Maine—not the best thing he has done, but a superb record of the beauty of water and the majesty of its moving weight. One source of this painter's power is the loyalty with which he has attached himself to the spot of coast, living in constant companionship with the ocean, learning all its moods, reaching at length its inherent soul, and drawing from it inspiration for his own. It is by the same way that the landscapists represented in this collection have reached their pre-eminence—such men as Alexander H. Wyant, Homer Martin, George Inness, Henry W. Ranger, J. Francis Murphy, and Robert C. Minor. And it is worth consideration that these painters could not have done so well if, being Americans, they had not devoted themselves to American landscape, and that it is just in this respect that American figure-painters fall behind. Until an American figure-painter can find his inspiration here, as American writers have done, he will not reach the full measure of artistic possibility.



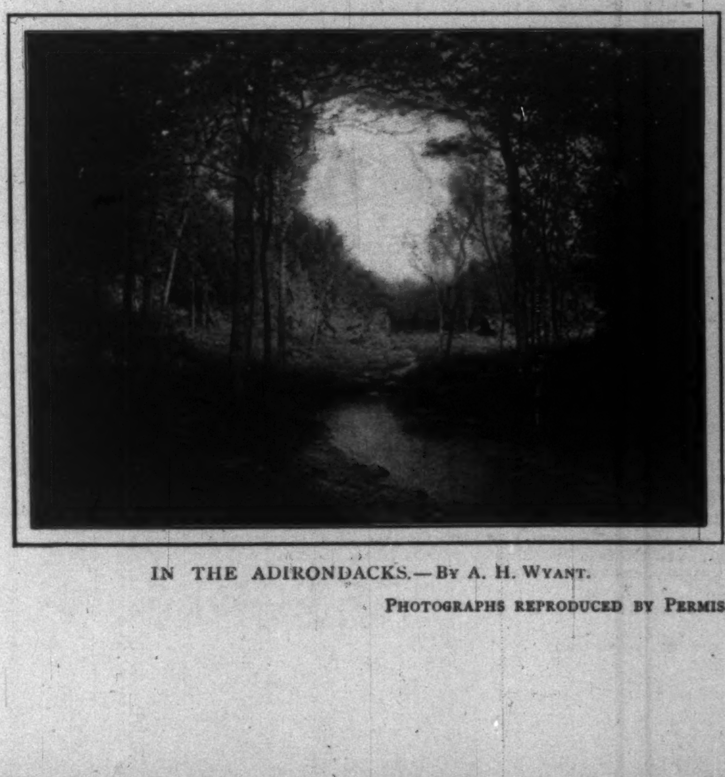
AN EAST RIVER IDYL.—By H. W. Ranger.

A fair description of the collection is that it represents a high level of excellence, broken rarely by works of inferior merit, and lifted to remarkable eminence by several big groups of master-pictures. It contains, for example, twelve of Alexander H. Wyant's landscapes, eight of Homer Martin's, and seventeen by George Inness. The list could be enlarged by the addition of living painters, but the above have laid down their brushes forever; their account is made.

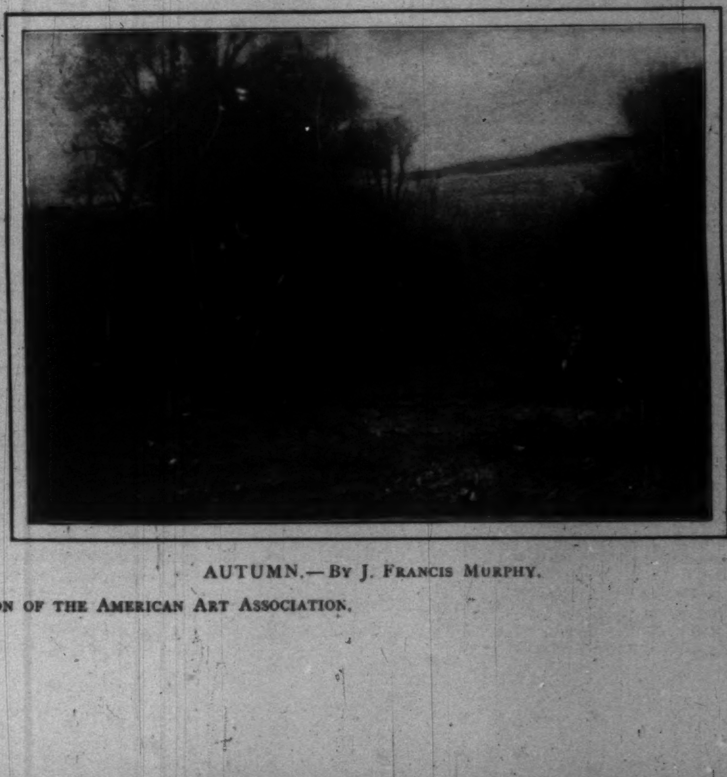
Wyant is the recognized poet of American landscapists. His pictures have been called sonnets in color, and not inaptly; for they are so deftly composed, part answering to part with such just proportion and instinctive precision, their manner so dainty, even when sad or serious, and the emotion which they express so unified, clear, and irresistible. His pictures are already scarce, and the presence of so many choice examples in one sale must give it an undeniable distinction. The reputation of Homer Martin is fully established, and his work needs only increased acquaintance by the public to become more widely recognized.

Mr. Evans has been one of the very few who, by the offering of prizes and the purchasing of American pictures, will be known as one of the truest patrons of American art; and the sale of his collection will prove a splendid chance of investment to those fortunate enough to be buyers.

Charles H. Caffin.



IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—By A. H. Wyant.



AUTUMN.—By J. Francis Murphy.

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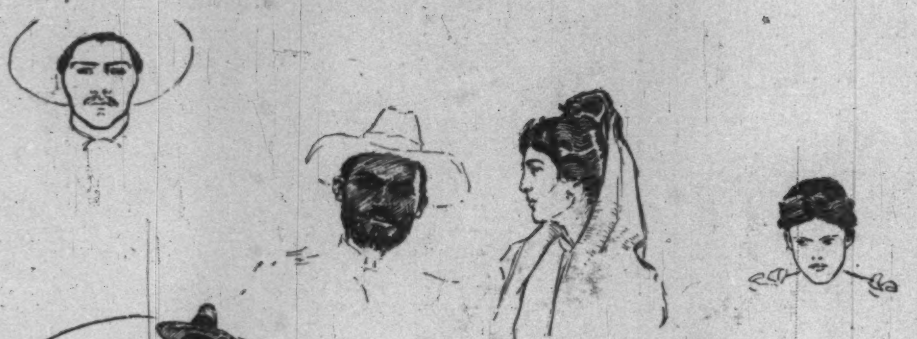
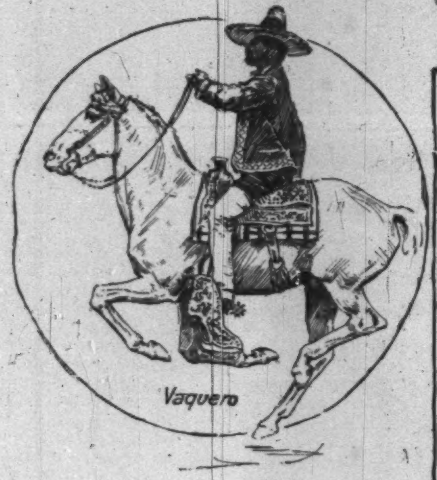
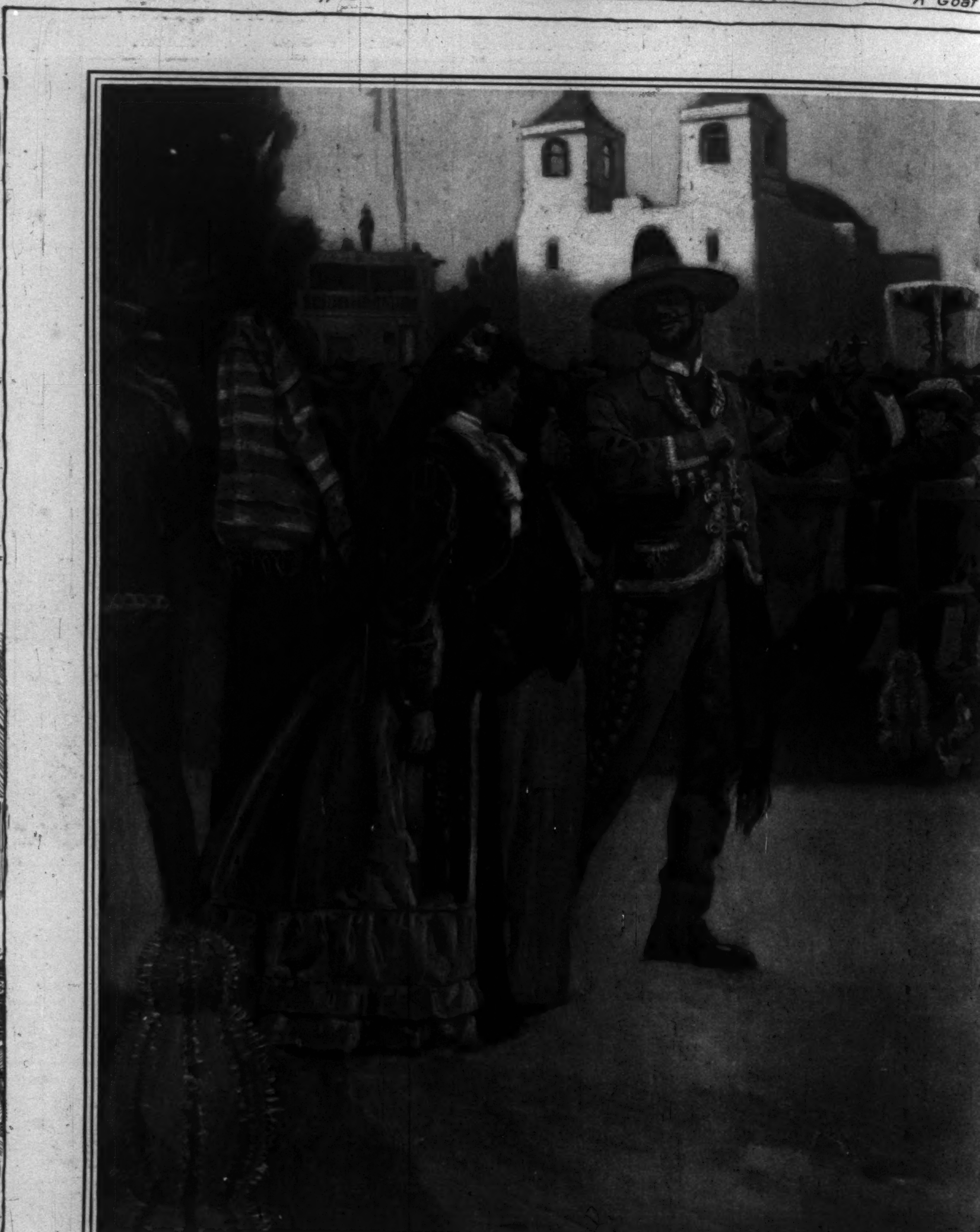


Types

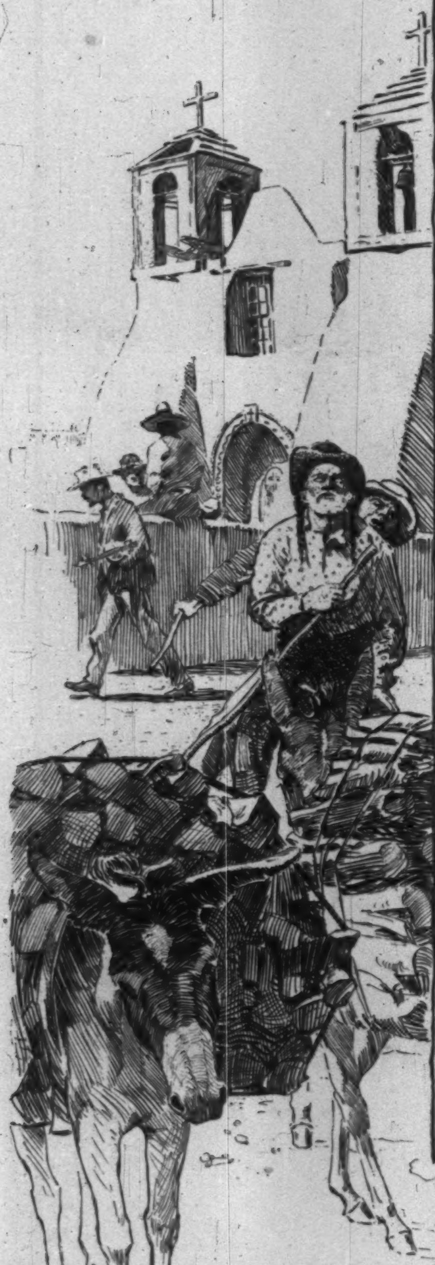
A Goat



Vaquero

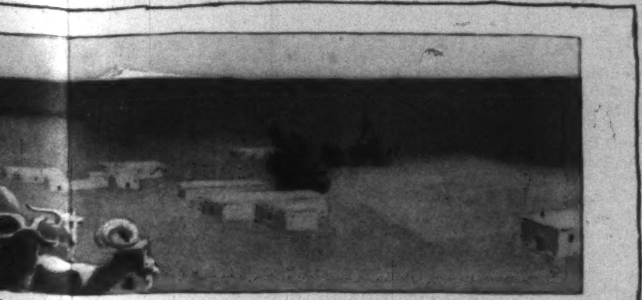


Band Concert in the

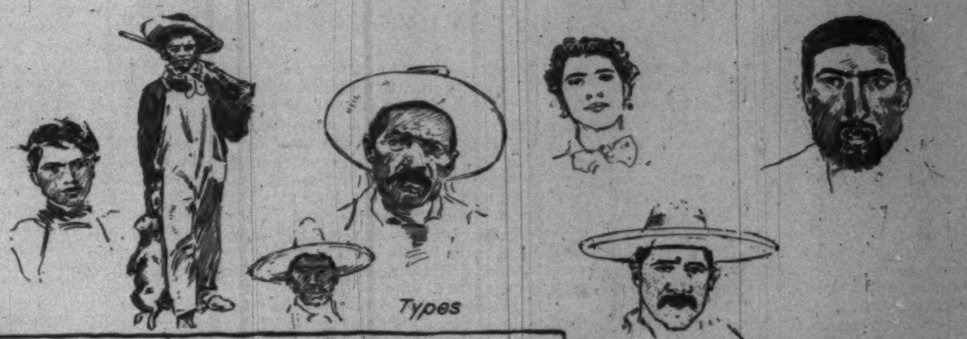


A Street Scene

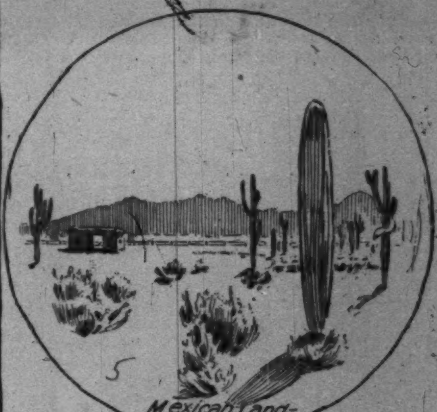
SKETCHES IN MEXI



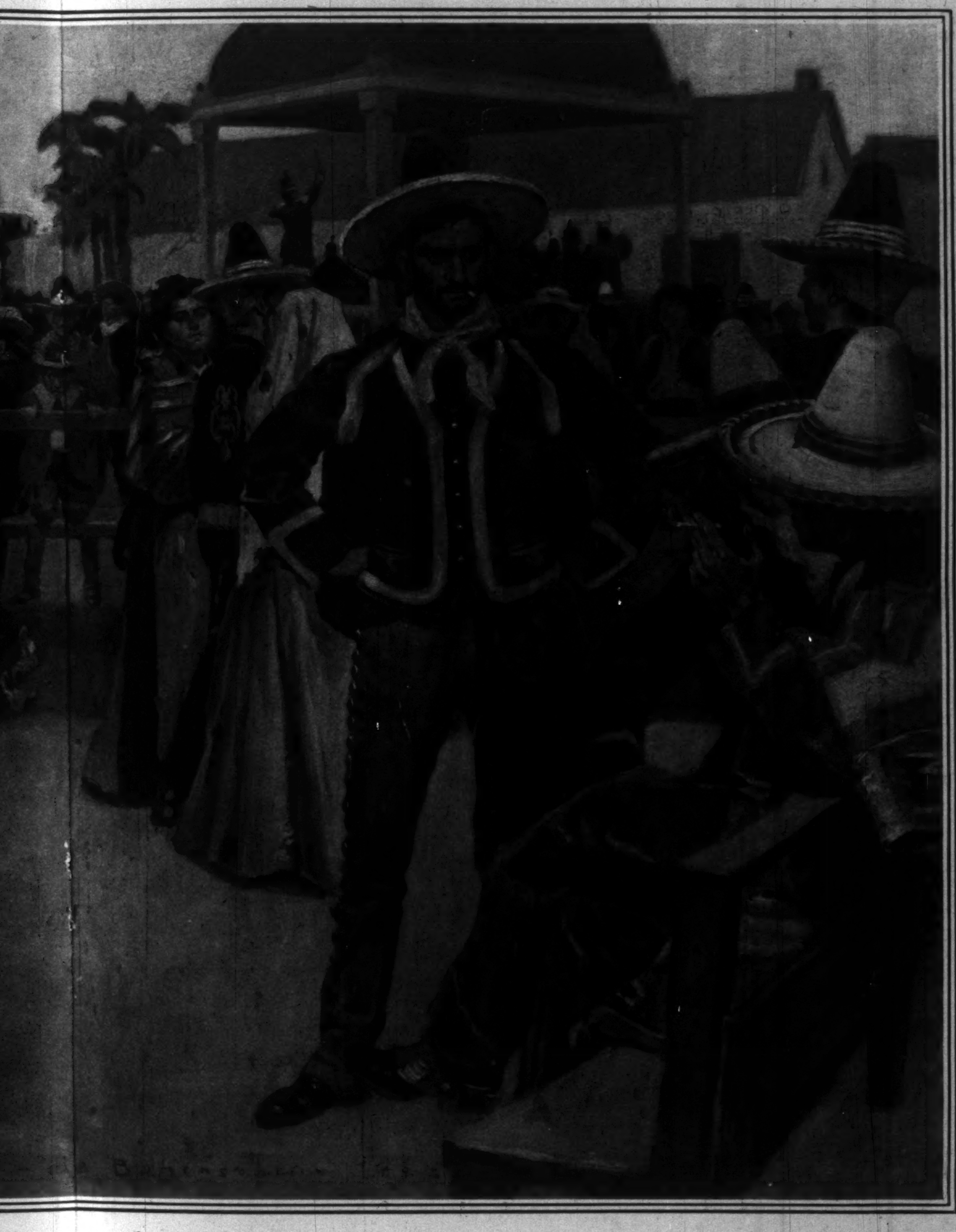
Goat-Herder



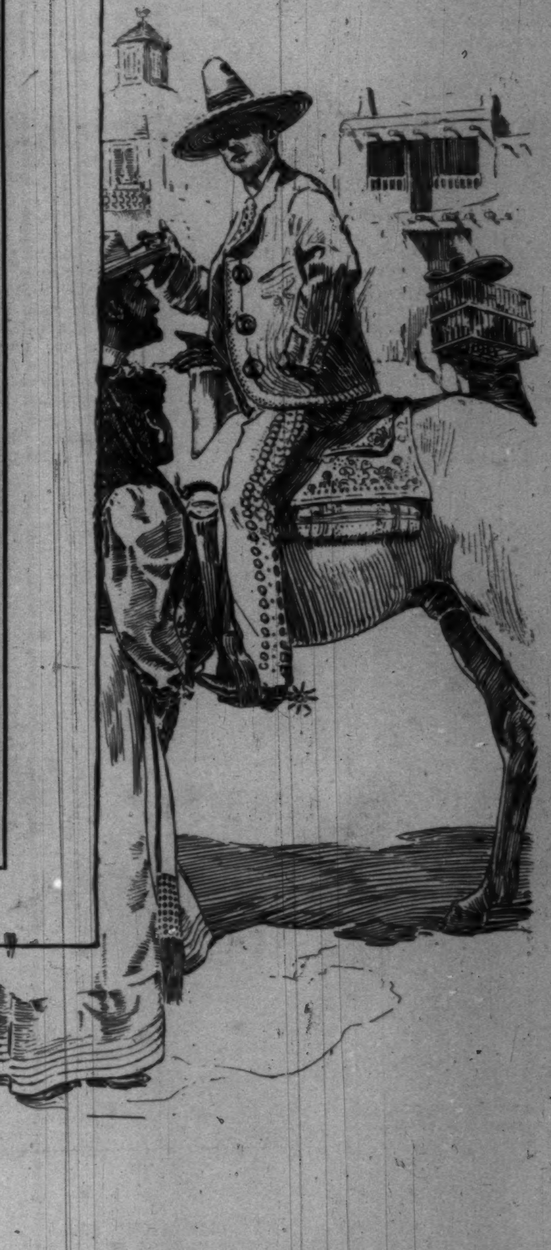
Types



Mexican Landscape



the Plaza of a Mexican Town



6

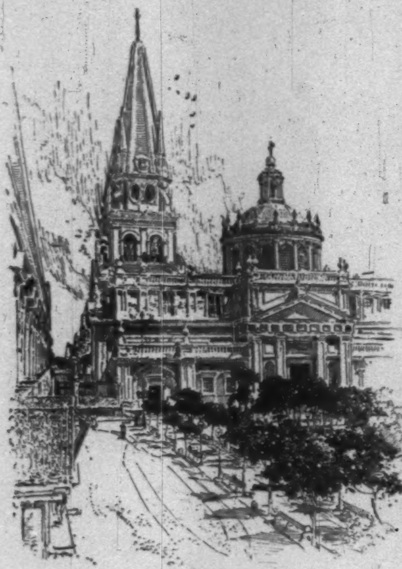
XICO.—BY E. BLUMENSCHEIN.

A GREAT MEXICAN STATE CAPITAL

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

A LARGE city equipped with all the attributes of a modern capital, and standing like an oasis amid a desert of barbarism—such is Guadalajara, the seat of government for the great state of Jalisco, the metropolis of western Mexico, *la reina del occidente* (the Queen of the Occident), as her people proudly term her. Up to 1888, when the Mexican Central Railway reached the city, the isolation of Guadalajara from the outside world was almost as complete as though it were situated in mid-ocean. Indeed, it would probably have been more accessible in the latter case. It is an easy matter to go to Guadalajara now, and it is a favorite objective point for tourists, who make the journey with all the luxury of vestibuled Pullmans.

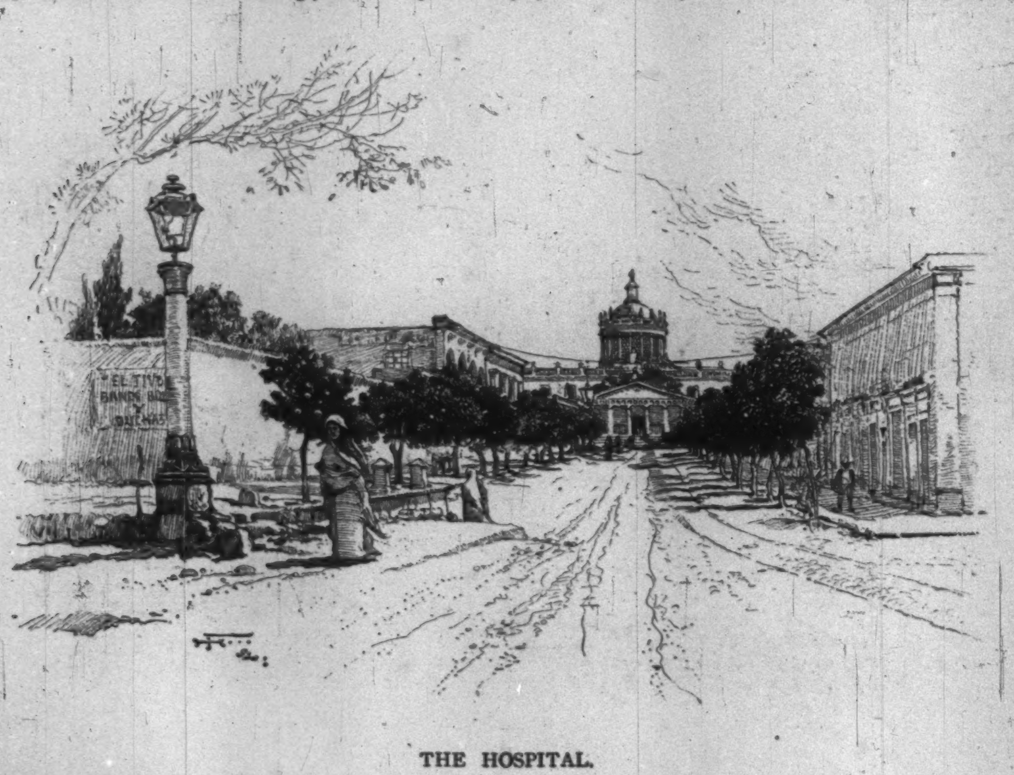
Guadalajara is seen from the train several miles away, standing like a large island of population amidst the brown undulating plain, fringed with the verdure of orchards and meadows, accented with domes and towers, and dominated by the great twin spires of its huge cathedral—spires which are much more picturesque and imposing from a distance than they prove on near acquaintance.



THE CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA.

The place at once impresses the stranger by its metropolitan dimensions. Instead of halting at the outskirts, the railway strikes boldly into the city, and almost reaches its heart. As the suburban gardens, with rich masses of foliage, give way to long lines of houses, amidst which for a considerable distance the train slowly and ponderously rolls, one feels that he is entering a large and important city.

The quality of general picturesqueness that characterizes nearly all Mexican cities is notably lacking in Guadalajara. On closer acquaintance one finds an abundance of picturesqueness in detail and a great deal of real beauty. But, as a whole, the city makes a decidedly commonplace impression, and it has an astonishingly modern aspect for a place that has been in existence for three and a half centuries. This is due, to a considerable degree, to the furbishing up that always attends the advent of the railway in a Mexican city, when the authorities are pretty certain to issue an order that all the buildings shall be freshly painted. It happens that the prevailing colors which the city now wears are sober buffs and drabs, relieved with white, very much like the hues now in fashion for our wooden "Colonial" architecture in the United States. That Guadalajara has but recently affected the Puritan and the Quaker in her garb is shown by the enchanting tones of many house walls in the outskirts, that somehow escaped the edict.



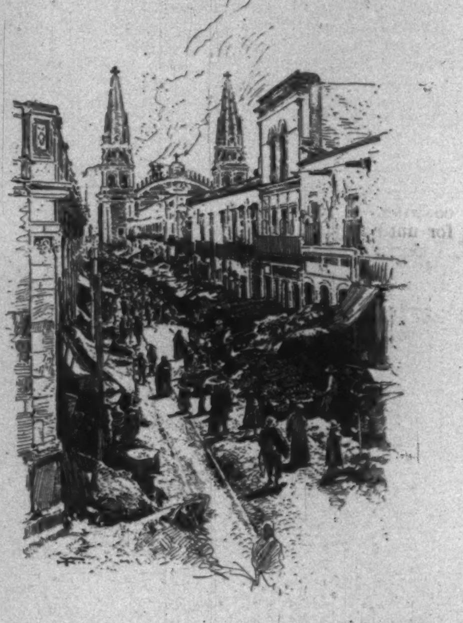
THE HOSPITAL.

The cathedral has an exterior that is a veritable architectural nightmare, and the horror of it is heightened by the coat of glaringly fresh "Colonial" buff and white that it wears. It gives its smooth stuccoed surfaces the effect of wooden construction, and makes the huge structure look extremely barnlike. The interior is so good, with its three lofty naves separated by thirty rich and beautiful columns, that it is evident that the exterior could not always have been so bad; and when we learn that the building was begun in 1571 and finished in 1618, we perceive that its present ugliness is due to a remodelling that took place in consequence of the great earthquake of 1875, which threw down the two old towers. The monstrous steeples that replaced them are 230 feet high, and extraordinarily bulky in appearance. Pictures of the cathedral as it formerly looked show an edifice of the same general type as the great parochial church of Chihuahua.

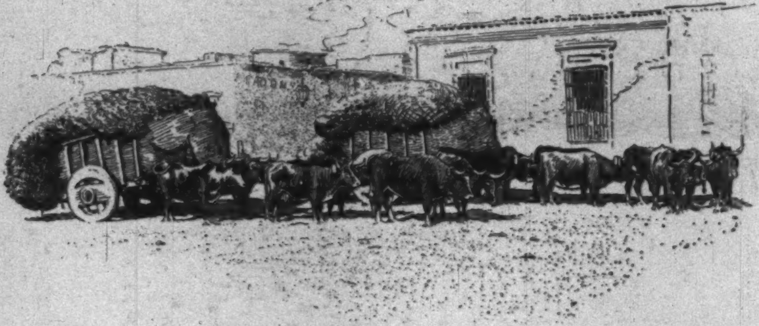
In the sacristy of the cathedral is the finest Murillo in Mexico. It is a "Conception," and is said to be better than the famous one in the Louvre at Paris. It is difficult, however, to institute a comparison between paintings so far apart. It is certainly a remarkably beautiful work, and to the art-loving tourist in Mexico it in itself is sufficient to repay the journey to Guadalajara. When the French took possession, the picture was successfully concealed. They endeavored to find it, and finally offered $40,000 for its discovery, but fortunately the secret of its hiding-place was loyally kept.

As in most other Mexican cities, there are many open spaces or plazas, occupied by carefully kept public gardens, with fountains, plants, trees, and blossoming shrubs. These, together with the glimpses of the handsome pátios, or house courts, caught through large open doorways, filled with flowers all the year round, give a great attractiveness, which, with the thoroughly neat aspect of the city, like that of a clean-washed face, largely makes up for the average commonplaceness of the architecture.

The popular gathering-place is the Plaza de Armas, a comparatively small and perfect square, two sides of which are occupied by the State Palace and the cathedral. The two arcades facing the plaza are named for the two great patriots of the two neighboring republics—Hidalgo and Washington. The plaza becomes at night an open-air club-room. Three or four evenings in the week a band plays in the music-pavilion, and nearly everybody turns out to promenade, or to stand in groups by the way, or sit and chat on the benches. A stranger very soon learns to know by sight almost everybody of any account. The climate is so uniform that the weather interferes very rarely with these evening gatherings. The altitude, a trifle less than a mile above the sea-level—5140 feet—assures a dry atmosphere and an even temperature that make the place a paradise for persons with pulmonary complaints. It is never oppressively hot; the air is both soft and tonic; the summer evenings are balmy; but even then one usually needs a thin blanket before daybreak.



MARKET-DAY.



OX-CARTS BRINGING HAY TO MARKET.

Guadalajara is the most important educational centre in Mexico outside of the national capital. There are large schools of law, medicine, engineering, and fine arts, besides other technical and trade schools, and high-schools for either sex. These schools are all supported by the state government, whose educational system is remarkably liberal and enlightened. It is, indeed, more radical, and practically socialistic, than that of any State in the American Union.

The law prescribes universal education and makes it compulsory. Parents who do not send their children to school are punished by fine or imprisonment. Education is absolutely free, from the lowest to the highest grades. If parents are too poor to support their children while they are at school, then means are provided by the state. And any scholar who, having passed through the common schools, desires to continue his studies in any of the advanced institutions, and is without means, receives an allowance from the state, sufficient for maintenance, until he has finished his desired course.

One is struck by the complete absence of beggars and other objectionable characters in the streets. Their presence is forbidden by law, which is rigidly enforced.

The advanced ground occupied by the state of Jalisco in education is due both to the liberal and enlightened action of its modern statesmen in framing the present laws and to the traditions early established in its history.

The public institutions of Guadalajara will compare in character with those of almost any other capital in the world. The crown of these is the noble Hospicio, founded in 1803 by another of the public-spirited bishops of Guadalajara, Juan Ruiz de Cabañas. The citizens naturally enjoy showing strangers over this grand institution, for it is doubtful if an asylum better organized and conducted can be found in any other part of the world than that which has grown up in this remote Mexican capital. It is a genuine hospice, where both foundlings and orphans and the aged and infirm find a refuge and a home.

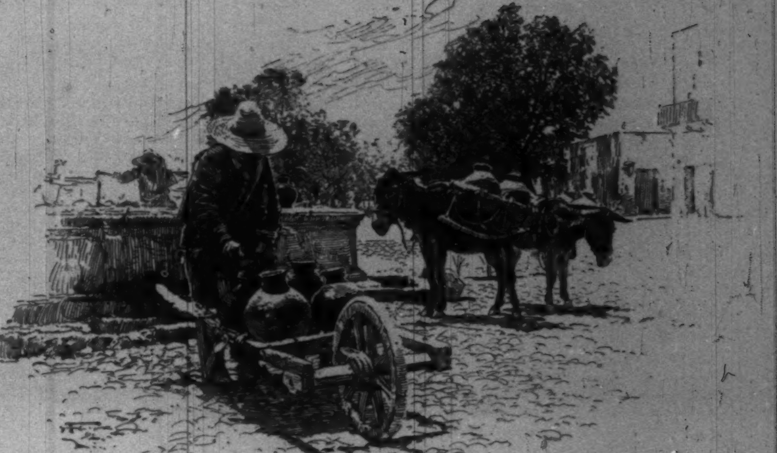
It is a vast and palatial structure in the eastern part of the city, facing a broad avenue approaching it from the centre, and lined with orange-trees for two blocks. It is 607 feet long by 558 feet wide. It is composed, in fact, of a series of buildings, connected with graceful colonnades of stone, with arcades and open galleries. There are as many as twenty courts, filled with tropical gardens of fruit and flowers, enchanting to look upon, giving light and air to all portions of the enormous establishment, and making it a place of pleasant, restful calm. The visitor is impressed by the spirit of true benevolence in the management. A kindly interest in the personal welfare of the occupants is evident, rather than the merely mechanical and perfunctory routine of administration that too often prevails in such establishments. This is particularly manifest in the care taken that no stigma shall attach to the recipients of its beneficence because of unfortunate circumstances of birth or poverty. The girls, for instance, instead of being clothed in uniform garb, are dressed like any children in comfortable circumstances, and as they grow to young-womanhood they follow their individual preference in their attire. They are taught the accomplishments usually deemed desirable for well-bred young women. Dressed simply and tastefully, even stylishly, in appearance and breeding they might be taken for students of Vassar and Wellesley. Some remain in the institution as teachers after they have completed their studies, but they mostly go out into the world well equipped for life and usually marry well.

Another great institution, comparing with the Hospicio, is the Casa de Caridan de San Felipe, or Charity-house of St. Philip, founded in 1864, and supported by private contributions. Its main object is the education of poor female children, who are cared for until they are twenty-one years old, when they receive a small sum of money on leaving.

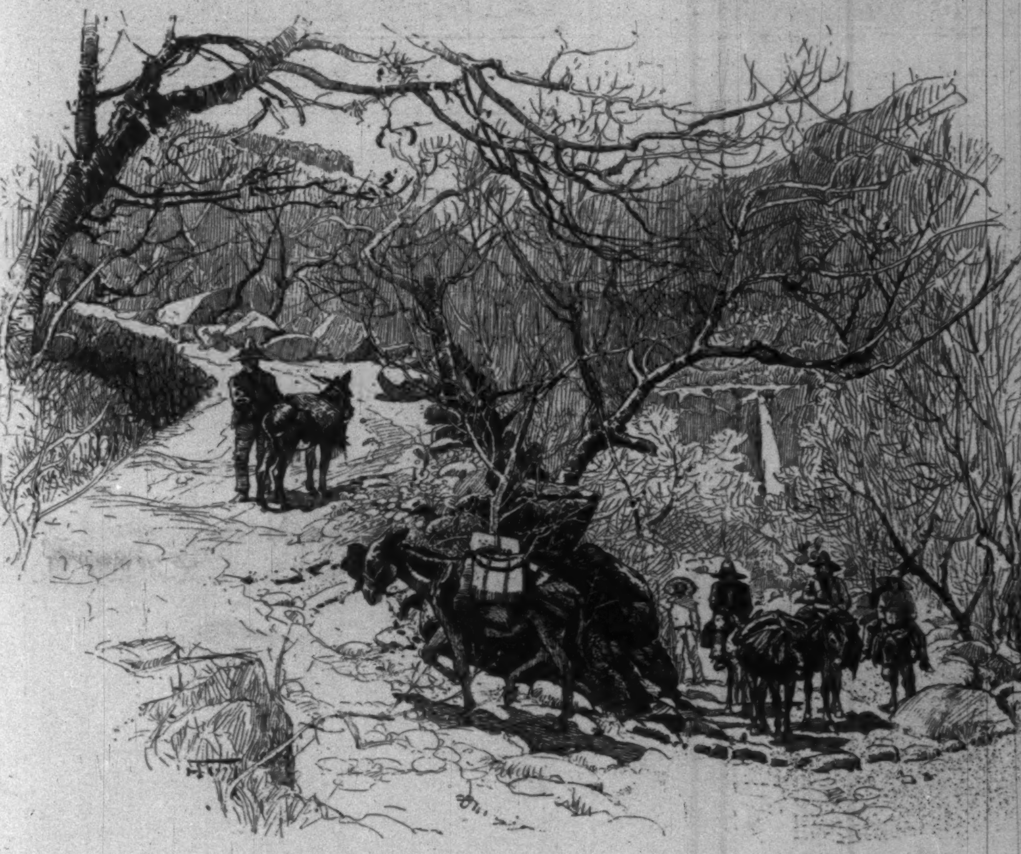
The Escuela de Artes, or School of Trades, a manual-training school for boys, is a state institution established in 1841.

The great Hospital of Belen was established in 1791 by Bishop Alcalde, at a cost of $260,000. Since 1857 it has been a state institution. It occupies a square 1150 feet on each side.

A great state institution is the Penitentiary, begun in 1843, and not yet entirely finished. There are 800 cells. There is a school in the institution, which is attended by those convicts who prefer study to employment in the shops.



A WATER-VENDER.



A TRAIL IN THE BARRANCA.

Other notable public institutions are the mint, established in 1811, where over a million dollars in silver from the mines in that portion of Mexico is annually coined, and the public library, established by the state in 1875, and having now nearly 25,000 volumes.

Before the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was built the Teatro Degollado was the largest in the New World. It was built by the city in 1855, but the exterior is still unfinished. The architecture of the interior is strikingly good, with a proscenium arch and general lines of remarkable grace. The tasteful decorations include a series of frescoes illustrating Dante's "Divine Comedy." The theatre is now brilliantly illuminated by electric lights.

Another notable architectural work is the enormous new city market-house, recently finished, its flat roof supported by a series of arcades with dozens of stone columns.

The notably cleanly aspect of the Guadalajara multitude is in keeping with that of the city itself, and is probably largely due to the remarkably numerous great bathing establishments. Some of these were founded by the municipality, and others are private undertakings. At all there are swimming-pools, and the price of a bath is so low that almost anybody can afford the luxury. At "El Huerto," the chief of the private undertakings, the various bath-rooms are ranged around a most enchanting garden.

The tramway system of Guadalajara is extensive and convenient. With the exception of one small line, it is all in the hands of one company, organized by resident capitalists. It centres in the Plaza de Armas, whence the street cars run to all sections of the city at three-cent fares, and to two important suburbs. One of these suburbs is the beautiful city of San Pedro de Tlaquepaque, which lies considerably above the level of the valley, and is therefore the favorite summer resort for the capital, and most of the wealthy people have villas there. From this fact is derived the name Tlaquepaque, which means, "Place of Joy," and was applied by the Indians, who form a numerous element in the population, and are mostly potters.

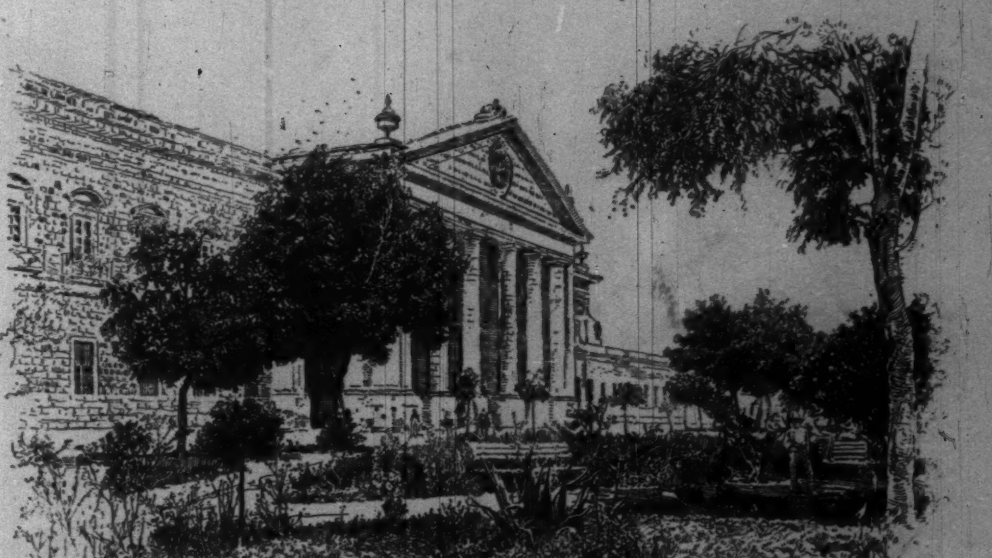
San Pedro is the main seat of the great pottery industry of Guadalajara. The Guadalajara pottery is famous throughout Mexico; it has long been carried to even the remotest sections of the republic by wagon and pack-train, and may be purchased at nearly every local fair.

About fifteen miles to the southward from Guadalajara is the great cataract of the Santiago River, the Salto de Juanacatlan. It is often called the "Niagara of Mexico," and indeed it has a considerable resemblance in general effect to the great falls of the North. The river, which is about 500 feet wide at this point, precipitates itself into a beautifully irregular line of falls, something like sixty feet high. The foliage of the large and ragged banana plumes that border the gorge, dripping with the ceaseless moisture from the spray of the cataract, adds to the beauty of the scene. The flour-mill near by takes but a minute fraction of the enormous water-power of the cataract. With the improvements made in the distant transmission of electricity at high potentials, the utilization of this energy in the city of Guadalajara involves a problem of no difficulty. Five miles to the northward of the city this great barranca is something over 2000 feet deep, in a precipitous declivity, making one of the most sublime and wildly beautiful passages of natural scenery easily accessible to the tourist in Mexico.

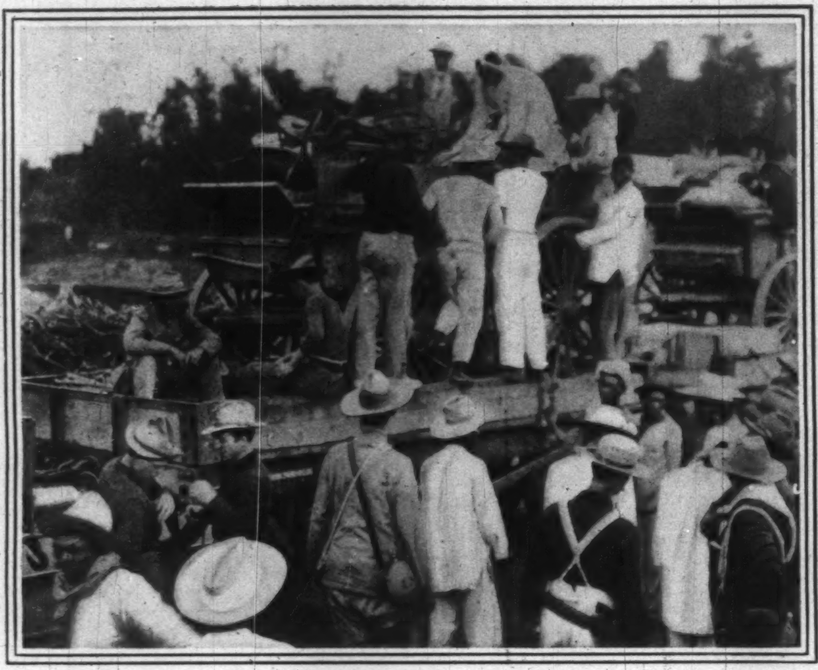
The trip from Atemajac down into the barranca and back is commonly made on the backs of donkeys, or "burros," and affords a unique and most delightful ride.

As the cañon deepens, the scenery becomes more impressive. Finally the cañon opens out into the great barranca, with its depths still far below. When the river level is at last reached we find ourselves in a narrow gorgelike valley, bordered on either side by gigantic mountainous cliffs, rising 2000 feet or more above our heads. Their height is even greater in effect by reason of the narrowness of the barranca, the distance across between the tops of the cliffs being hardly more than half a mile.

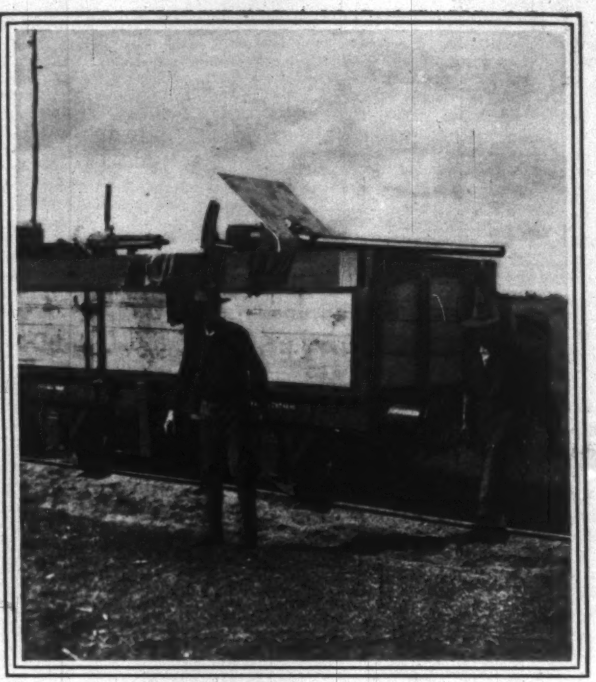
The vegetation is that of the full tropics; and the atmosphere, which seems very dense after the sudden transition from the table-land, is like that of a conservatory. Here and there, on either side of the river, are patches of comparatively level land of a few acres. These are carefully cultivated with sugar-cane, and orchards of tropical fruit for the Guadalajara market.



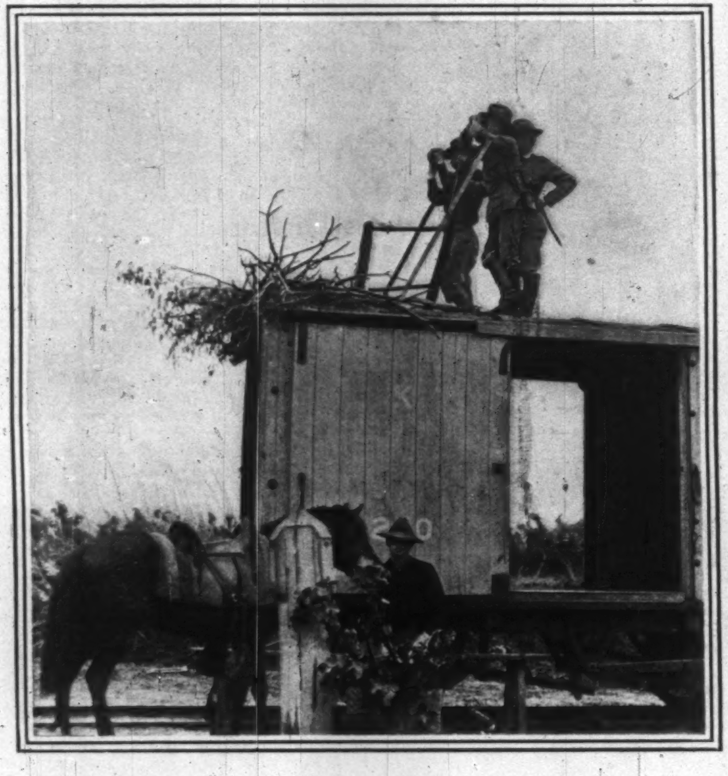
THE PENITENTIARY.



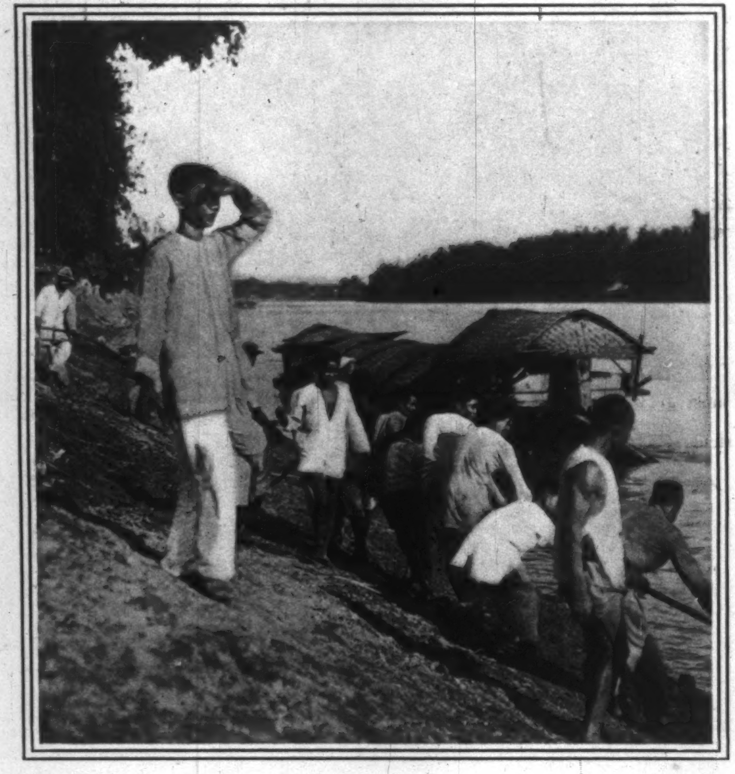
LOADING WAGONS FOR THE FRONT.



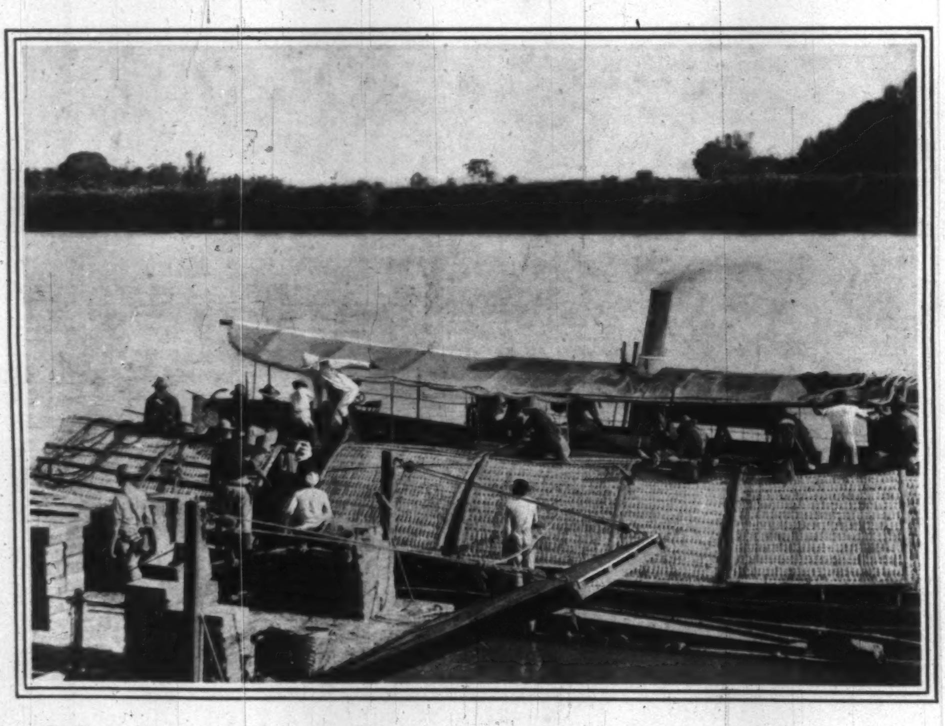
THE ARMORED CAR AT ANGELES.



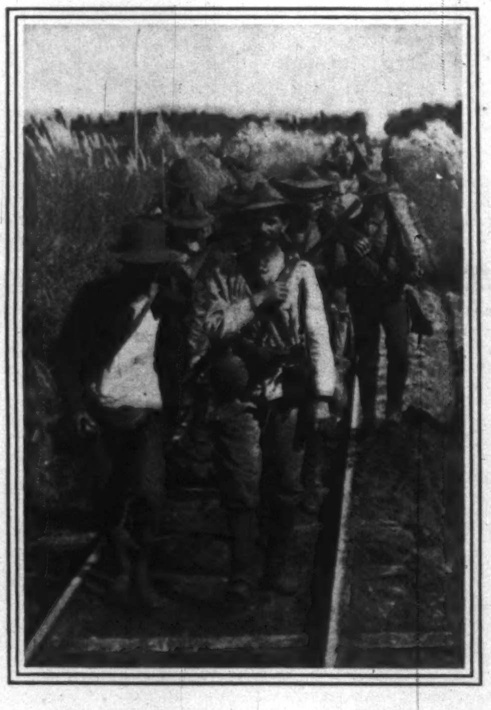
FREIGHT-CAR USED AS A MOVABLE OBSERVATION TOWER.



TOWING ARMY SUPPLIES UP THE RIO GRANDE.



THE LAUNCH "OCEANIA" WITH A TOW OF CASCOS LADEN WITH SUPPLIES.



COMING BACK FROM A SKIRMISH.

THE INSURRECTION IN THE PHILIPPINES—INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN NORTHERN LUZON.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

By E. S. Martin

AT the dinner of the Albany Society in New York on January 11, Judge Woodward of the Supreme Court of New York made some after-dinner observations about the Dutch in South Africa, which, the papers told us, were very ill received. There were about two hundred men at the dinner, and to a large majority of them Judge Woodward's discourse proved unpalatable. The diners seem to have behaved very badly. The dinner committee invited the judge to speak, and he should have had civil treatment, whatever sentiments he disclosed. His address, which he read from manuscript, was a defence of the Boers in their fight with the British. No reasonable fault can be found with that. Albany is historically a Dutch city, and it was a fair presumption that Albanians would be glad to hear the Dutch side of anything. But it seems that, not liking Judge Woodward's speech, they used the speaker discourteously, which is inexcusable.

But, on the other hand, the judge's address has since been printed in full. It takes up five long columns of a good-sized newspaper. It is about six thousand words long, including poetical extracts. It was reported that the speaker, when he found his audience restless, skipped many pages of it; but allowing for all omissions, the address, however meritorious and able, was a terrific missile to discharge at a company of gentlemen who had met to eat and drink together and talk about old times in Albany. As between Boers and Britons, the friends of liberty have at least a good case when they side with the Boers; but as between Judge Woodward reading an address six thousand words long and a company of mutinous diners who wanted entertainment, it is hard for the foes of oppression not to feel some sympathy for the diners.

The after-dinner speech, as administered by persons who misuse its opportunities, is one of the most oppressive institutions of the day. Patience with men who stand by the hour, or even by the half hour, on their legs and check digestion in the stomachs of their suffering fellow-creatures, is apt to be a very hard-won virtue. Men go to dinners to be amused, interested, entertained, exhilarated. If a speaker has something serious to say and is in earnest about it, and knows how to say it, they will give him attention for about fifteen minutes without hard feelings. But it is hard work to listen closely for many minutes, and hard work ought not to be complicated with digestive processes. Judge Woodward has only too much reason to be displeased with the Albanians, but he must blame himself, too, for misjudging his function and serving a whale when the occasion called for sprats. The wonder is that so many serious-minded gentlemen, whose faculties are not acrobatic, should be enticed, in spite of frequent and awful examples, into this pitfall of after-dinner oratory.

IN most growing cities there is a tendency for business to encroach constantly on residence districts, and for the richer part of the population to live farther and farther from the business centre. This tendency is best illustrated on Manhattan Island, where growth can extend only in one direction. A familiar consequence of it is that churches and clubs keep moving up town along with their patrons. It sometimes happens that when a church moves up town it does not wholly abandon its work in its old downtown district, but maintains a mission there for the benefit of such of its members and charges as have not moved. It would appear that there is opportunity for the successful development of an analogous system in connection with clubs. The papers tell us that the Union Club, now resident on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, in New York, has voted to build a new house a mile and a half farther uptown, and that there is grievous dissatisfaction thereat among a minority of the members, who live near the present house and want to retain it. Is there not a chance here to establish a mission club in the Union's present building which should minister to the wants of those whom the uptown procession leaves behind? If the Union Club alone cannot conveniently occupy a double field, a club trust might be formed of three or four of the clubs between Forty-second Street and the Plaza, which, between them and for their common convenience, might maintain an establishment in the neighborhood of Madison Square. There is an important residence district below Twenty-third Street in New York, the thrifty dwellers in which cling to it with persistent affection. It is as much entitled to club privileges as any other district, and yet, because of circumstances which it can no longer control, it is in danger of suffering from neglect. There are signs that New York is too big, or at least too long drawn out, to be organized for social purposes as a whole, and yet local ties have not yet proved strong enough in many cases to support local organizations. If there is any better scheme than a mission club to shelter the club men who live below Twenty-third Street, the time seems ripe for some one to suggest it.

GENERAL WILSON, military governor of Matanzas, who has lately been in Washington, made an address while there to one of the auxiliary societies of the Cuban Red Cross, in which he gave decided and gratifying expression to his sentiments about the Cubans. He speaks exceedingly well of them. The Cubans, he says, are just as benevolent as the Americans are. They have made heroic sacrifices. Their school system is as good as ours, though they have not as good a supply of educated teachers. There is money enough to support the schools, but there is great need of books, desks, and all school apparatus; also of shoes and stockings, thin clothing, medicines, and, above all, money. Money and an intelligent representative to direct its expenditure do more good than anything else. There is special need of shoes because lock-jaw from wounds in the foot is very common in both men and animals in all parts of Cuba. There is no more humane and kindly people, says General Wilson, than the Cubans. There is less violence and lawlessness in their cities than in ours. They are physically strong, too, and industrious. As to the effect of intervention in the agricultural province with which he is concerned, he says: "If intervention had been delayed ten months longer the whole agricultural population would have been dead, but with our help the spectre of want has been driven away."

WRITERS of stories of New England life who are looking for novel characters with which to diversify their tales are invited to inform themselves about Bishop Louis de Groesbriand (Roman Catholic), of Burlington, Vermont, who died last month. He seems to have been an unusual person, and the spiritual son, perhaps, of some of those great French missionaries whose names are still on the map along our northern boundaries. It is told of him that he was born in 1816, the son of a French marquis, was educated in France, and came to this country in 1840. He had been Bishop of Burlington since 1853. In that diocese, we are told, he spent his private fortune, and after forty-seven years of self-forgetful labor, died in an orphan asylum, leaving as his chief assets a ring, a cross, a purple robe, a clock, and $2 92 in money.

AN undergraduate of Ann Arbor, who has read a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY about the decay of amenities between men and women students in the University of Michigan, writes to say that, in his opinion, they get on better than the WEEKLY thinks. Coolness, he says, "does exist between the fraternity people and many of the lady students, but aside from this fact there is but the most wholesome good feeling between the two sexes. . . . It is true that every lady who attends a concert does not have an escort. This could not be expected. But discrimination, retaliation, and spite are not in evidence."

This is reassuring news. It is a pleasure to welcome all of it except the term "lady students." "Lady" is a good word by itself, but usually a poor one in combination. "Lady friend," "lady student," "saleslady," even "lady manager," are all open to objection. "Lady" in all these cases (except possibly the last) expresses nothing but gender, and that is much better expressed by "woman," as woman friend, woman student (or girl student), and saleswoman.

IT will be remembered that about four years ago there was an outcry about the country being flooded with silver-ware marked "sterling," but really far below the legal standard. War was declared against this false metal, and in New York, under the sterling-silver stamping law passed in 1894, the sellers and makers of the bogus silver were prosecuted. Prosecutions followed in other States, and after hard fighting many convictions were obtained.

It is gratifying to learn from Mr. Newton Dexter, editor of *The Goldsmith and Silversmith*, and a leader in this fight for honest merchandise, that the swindle which was prospering so notoriously when it was attacked seems to have been permanently abated.

A PETITION is now before Congress which asks that non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the regular army shall be permitted to retire with pay after twenty-five years' service. The law of 1885, at present in force, provides for their retirement after thirty years of service, but the present petitioners hold that our soldiers don't last thirty years, but give out before they have served their time, and are either turned out without means of support or sent to the Soldiers' Home. Twenty years of service entitles a soldier to shelter in the Soldiers' Home, but as a rule he doesn't want to go there, and keeps away as long as possible. What he wants is to be able, after he has spent his strength for low wages in government employ, to choose his own place of residence and draw pay enough to keep him alive. By way of demonstrating that his desires are reasonable, he points to the policy of Great Britain which retires her soldiers on full pay after twenty years' service, and to the practice of such cities as New York and San Francisco, which permit their policemen to retire on pensions after twenty years' service. The petition to Congress is accompanied by the written testimony of many officers of the army to the effect that twenty-five years of active service is more than the average soldier is good for, and that the present law, by deferring the period of retirement too long, causes the retention in active service of many men who are not fit for it, but whom it would be an injustice to throw out. The class of men who are said to benefit most by the present law are non-commissioned staff officers, who lead regular lives, keep their feet dry, and last very well.

There seems to be a good deal of reasonableness about the soldiers' petition, and here's hoping it will meet with all the consideration it deserves.

PERSONS addicted to foreign travel who try to reconcile with that propensity the practice of wearing clothes are invited to bestow attention on a bill, introduced in the House of Representatives on January 16, which purposes to amend the Dingley tariff law in so far as it concerns the personal effects of travellers. This new bill would put on the free list clothes, articles of personal adornment, and similar personal effects accompanying travellers arriving in the United States, provided they are in use and are "necessary and appropriate for the wear and use of such persons for the purposes of their journey and present comfort and convenience." They must not be intended for other persons, or for sale. This bill, if it becomes a law, will promote veracity and comfort among American travellers, and all with very little adverse effect upon the national revenues.

THE will of the late Dorman B. Eaton provides for bequests of $100,000 each for Harvard and Columbia universities, to found professorships to teach, at Harvard, the science of government, and at Columbia, municipal science and administration. In making these bequests Mr. Eaton disclosed in a general way his ideas of the sort of instruction he wished to provide for. Among other things that he hoped his Harvard professorship might promote was consideration "of the most appropriate and effective means, of practical wisdom in our day, for preventing corruption and partisan despotism in politics and government, and for inducing and enabling the most worthy citizens to fairly exercise a controlling power in the republic." It was his hope that his Columbia professorship might contribute to the solution of the whole problem of municipal government. "A true and safe municipal system," he said, "is yet to be created in the United States." He wished to aid in creating one, and his special reason for endowing this professorship at Columbia rather than elsewhere seems to be indicated by his remark that "nowhere is patriotic and wise leadership on such a subject more needed, or can it be more useful, than in the city of New York."

There is no question about the high patriotism of Mr. Eaton's intentions, but how far university instruction in either the science of government or in municipal administration can be made to bear practical fruit is matter of dispute, and is already a good deal discussed. It may be some time yet before the funds for the two professorships are available.

THE recent conclusion of Professor Atwater of Wesleyan University that alcohol is a food has been attacked by a committee appointed at the Northfield Conference of Christian Workers, who have issued "An Appeal to Truth," which takes exception to some of the professor's findings. As the result of elaborate experiments, Professor Atwater reported that alcohol, being oxidized in the body, furnishes heat and energy, and protects the materials of the body from consumption. Therefore he calls alcohol a food and not a poison. The Northfield committee in their "appeal" admit oxidation, heat, and energy, but dissent from the finding that alcohol protects the body's materials. Therefore the committee deny that it is a food and insist that it is a poison. Probably the committee and the professor would not agree in their definition of what a food is, and their disagreement seems to concern the use of words more than facts. The professor deals with alcohol purely as a chemist; the committee approach it partly as chemists and partly as moralists, and prosecutors bent on finding it guilty. It is guilty of plenty enough misdemeanors to warrant unfavorable opinions of it. It is perilous to all who drink it, and often ruinous to those who drink too much. That chemists call it a food, and moralists a poison, does not alter the facts about its use. The facts seem to be that it is drunk in enormous quantities; that the majority of the American people seem to drink more or less of it either habitually or on occasion; that a considerable majority of those who drink it continue to be reputable people and to enjoy good health and to do good work; that a minority of consumers are hurt by it; that excess in the use of it is rather common and very detrimental, and that the ability to use it habitually in quantities so moderate as to be entirely safe is uncommon enough to be rated as an accomplishment. Most sensible persons who drink rum don't care whether it is called a food or a poison. They do not ask that it shall do them much good. They are content if only their discretion avails to hinder it from doing them harm. They know that most poisons are useful medicinally in proper doses, so they don't think any the worse of alcohol for being a poison. They know that most foods consumed to gross excess impair health and shorten life, so they don't think better of alcohol for being a food.

MR. A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, who is now in this country, is lecturing about his experiences in Tibet, and at the same time writing the story of his more recent adventures in mountain-climbing. Last summer he climbed a mountain in Nepaul to the extent of 23,490 feet, which is believed to be about 500 feet higher than any other man has climbed on any mountain. Mr. Landor, as will be recalled, is the author of *In the Forbidden Land* (Harpers), which is the narrative of the exciting attempt he made in 1897 to reach Lassa, the Tibetan capital, which no European has seen for forty years. How he started with thirty attendants; how all but two deserted him; how, as he was pressing on with those, the boats containing all his equipments were upset and his effects all lost; how he was captured, tried, and tortured, and finally got away, is told in that volume.

Mr. Landor, when he is not exploring, divides his time between Italy and England. He lately fell heir to a large property, and has an extensive farm at Vinci, Italy (the birth-place of the great Leonardo), where he raises wine, oil, grain, and cattle.

E. W. Pettus (Ala.).
T. B. Turley (Tenn.).
J. C. Burrows (Mich.).
Donelson Caffery (La.).
W. E. Chandler (N. H.).
J. C. Pritchard (N. C.).

THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON PRIVILEGES AND ELECTIONS, WHICH HAS BEEN EMPOWERED TO INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES OF BRIBERY MADE AGAINST SENATOR W. A. CLARK, OF MONTANA.—Photograph by Wilbert Melville.

Educational Unification by F. W. Holls

THE educational policy of the State of New York has been from the beginning enlightened, progressive, and effective. The fundamental principle that education is not a matter of local preference, but of State concern, has been tenaciously held and consistently applied. The equally important tenet that this principle must be so applied as to stimulate and encourage local interest in education, and to avoid the deadening routine of a mechanical uniformity, has also been resolutely affirmed. As a consequence the State of New York has at hand the material for the grandest system of educational administration in the world, only needing the transforming touch of organization genius to unite its several parts into one consistent whole. The sagacity and foresight of Alexander Hamilton and Ezra L'Hommedieu produced the University of the State of New York—not a teaching body, but an inspecting and administrative one, with the function for caring for and developing advanced education. By this means the endowed and privately managed educational institutions of the State, such as universities, colleges, academies, and libraries, have had the benefit of skilled State supervision without in any way sacrificing their autonomy. With great liberality the State has also provided aid in the most intelligent and effective form for such institutions, in that up to a certain maximum the State gives a dollar for every dollar otherwise raised on behalf of libraries or instruments and apparatus. More recently a system of lending expensive books and high-class pictures has been introduced, with the result that any institution affiliated with the university can command educational resources for a trifling sum, which in other States and countries are beyond the reach of any but wealthy corporations.

The University of the State of New York has been administered by a Board of Regents, nineteen of whom have hitherto been chosen for life by the Legislature on joint ballot, and four of the State officers, to wit, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Public Instruction, are ex-officio members of the Board. The executive officer of the regents, and in many respects the embodiment of their activity, is called the secretary. While able and honored men have held this office in the past, it is not too much to say that only since 1889, when Mr. Melvil Dewey became secretary, has the work of the regents made much impression upon the public at large. Mr. Dewey's unpurchasable energy and enthusiasm, his fertility of suggestion and resource, and his ardent zeal, have made the regents and their work the power which they now are.

Side by side with this old university there has meanwhile been growing up a great Department of Public Instruction, charged with the care of the immense interests of the elementary schools, and with the important task of providing trained teachers for them. This department has been for years past most efficient and progressive; particularly under the administrations of Andrew S. Draper, now President of the University of Illinois, and Charles R. Skinner, the present incumbent, policies have been inaugurated which have helped to vitalize every school in the Empire State, rural as well as urban, and which, if cherished and further developed, will surely lift up the system of elementary instruction to a standard as high as if not higher than the best in this country.

The inevitable happened. The two educational departments soon found that their work began to overlap, more especially in regard to public secondary schools—high-schools, as they are termed, and school libraries. This led to the duplicating of labor and of expense, as well as to not a little inter-departmental friction. The controversy as to whether public secondary schools ought to be administered by the regents, for the reason that their education was similar to that of private schools of the same grade, or by the Department of Public Instruction, for the reason that they, like all other schools in the department, were supported by public taxation, has raged throughout the State with a fierceness quite inexplicable to an impartial outsider. For a time these drawbacks were of minor importance, and passed unnoticed save to those most immediately concerned. Gradually, however, a demand began to be made that the friction and the inexcusable duplicating of labor and of expense should cease. This demand grew in strength and in volume, until substantially the entire educational forces of the State united in it. It is most important to bear in mind that this demand was wholly natural and educational in its origin. The politicians did not join in it, and for a long time gave it no attention. Its inherent force and reasonableness have only recently persuaded them that it must be met.

But what should be done? Both departments with all their adherents were proud, and both were efficient. Neither wished to be subordinated to the other, and quite naturally. Various measures were proposed—some judicious but imperfect, others both injudicious and imperfect. The controversy increased in heat and bitterness, and it was plain that the educational interests of the State were in danger from the growing acrimony and friction unless some constructive steps were taken.

At this juncture Governor Roosevelt was requested, on behalf of the entire educational interests of the State, without regard to party, to appoint an advisory commission to take the whole situation into consideration, and to recommend the line of policy. The writer had the honor of serving as chairman of that commission, which consisted of seven members, including Mr. Melvil Dewey, to represent the regents, and Mr. Danforth E. Ainsworth, the Deputy-Superintendent of Public Instruction. Our colleagues—Messrs. Robert F. Wilkinson, of Poughkeepsie; Daniel H. McMillan, of Buffalo; Ex-Judge Joseph F. Daly, of New York; and William Kernan, of Utica—were distinguished citizens, fair, and without political bias, and deeply interested in the welfare of the State's educational policy.

After full consideration of the facts in the case the advisory commission agreed unanimously upon a policy of unification of the existing separate educational departments, which in the opinion of the commission is fair to both, and which, if enacted into law, will place the best educational system in the world within the reach of the people of the State of New York.

The essential principles of the plan proposed are these:

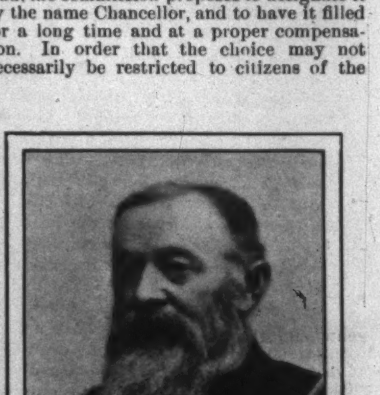
1. The creation of a State Department of Education, to comprise both the University of the State of New York and the Department of Public Instruction. This step will attain unification by a merger of the two departments into a new but simple one, and neither is subordinated to the other—in military phrase each marches out with its side-arms and all the honors of war.

2. The separation of legislative from executive functions in this new Department of Education. At present the regents, although a large and unwieldy board, meeting very infrequently, and often, as a board, for but a few moments, have nominally executive as well as legislative powers. As a matter of fact their executive powers have always been, and necessarily are, exercised by their secretary. The principle of separation which the commission recommends is eminently sound and prevails in all forms of effective organization.

3. The regents are retained as the legislative and supervising body for the new department, their real power and dignity being largely increased.

4. A new executive is provided, who will unite the duties now performed by the Superintendent of Public Instruction and by the secretary of the regents. His office and duties will correspond to those of the Minister of Education in such countries as France and Prussia. That this office may attract the best and most experienced educator of the land, the commission proposes to designate it by the name Chancellor, and to have it filled for a long time and at a proper compensation. In order that the choice may not necessarily be restricted to citizens of the

LIEUT. WARD CHENEY,
4th U. S. Infantry.
Born May 26, 1875. Died, January 7, of Wounds received in Action at Imus.



LIEUT. SAMUEL HOWARD, U. S. N.,
Pilot of the "Monitor" during the Battle with the "Merrimac."
Died January 14.

State of New York, the commission recommends that the Public Officers act should not apply to the selection of the Chancellor with reference to his residence or citizenship, thus permitting the selection of the best available man in the country. An office of this kind speaks for itself. It is a declaration that the State of New York honors itself by regarding the oversight of its vast educational interests as worthy of the life work of the most eminent educational administrator of the whole country. The commission's plan provides, of course, for a proper subdivision of the work of the department into bureaus, and for other necessary details.

On these fundamental points the commission was unanimous, and in this respect its judgment no doubt reflects that of the educators of the State. On matters of detail some differences of opinion were expressed, but they were of minor importance. How, for example, should the Chancellor be chosen? The commission thought that, as a rule, election by the regents—the board having been properly reorganized for the purpose—would produce the best result, and would perhaps tend to insure, so far as possible, a Chancellor not influenced by considerations of party politics; but a majority of the commission advised that the first Chancellor should not be chosen in this way, but should be appointed, according to the constitutional method, by the Governor and Senate. As this recommendation has been widely misunderstood and most unfairly criticised as "political" in character and in tendency, it may be well to explain it more fully.

The first object of every member of the unification commission was to keep politics out of the entire educational system of the State as far as possible. It must, however, be remembered that this is a subject wherein the Legislature and the Governor are supreme, and there is no policy which will take away the *possibility* of a partisan abuse of power. It is, however, a fact which should reassure any one who has fears on this point, that in no year when the entire legislative power was in the hands of a subservient majority of the Legislature, and with an equally subservient Governor, did the organization of either party dare to lay hands upon the educational system. We may be sure that Governor Roosevelt will not permit any such scheme to succeed as long as he is in office, and the first Chancellor would surely be chosen without regard to his politics. As to the future, we must remember that the stream cannot rise higher than its source; but the experience of the past is not discouraging.

One of the facts of the present situation is that, as an outcome of the discussions and the friction of the last five years, the present Board of Regents does not enjoy the confidence of the people of the State sufficiently to create any demand, outside of the board itself, for the conferring of such power upon it now. The unhappy controversy which our commission was appointed to allay has raged many years, and there was and is good reason to suppose that no educator who has expressed himself against the contention of the regents would be considered as a possible Chancellor, no matter how competent he might be, if the regents were now given the power of appointment. Moreover, to confer this power at the outset upon a board not elected for this purpose—not in touch with school administration—naturally inclining to favor higher rather than elementary education, and known chiefly by the activity of its secretary, and by its controversy with the Department of Public Instruction, would be very much like appointing one of two litigating partners receiver of the entire partnership property pending the litigation. While the proposal of the commission, postponing election by the regents until the end of the first Chancellor's term, has evoked some opposition in the interests of the regents, emanating from themselves, it is certain that a suggestion to confer the appointing power upon the present board would have raised such a storm of opposition from the friends of the public schools as to jeopardize, if not defeat, the entire measure.

It has been suggested that the Chancellor might perhaps be nominated by the Governor, subject to the confirmation of the regents, and this idea would, in the writer's opinion, have been cordially approved by the advisory commission had it not been felt that so radical a departure from the ordinary constitutional method of appointment would probably fail to gain the approval, especially of the Senate. If it is, nevertheless, found to be practicable, it will be a happy solution, which the writer is sure the commission will welcome most cordially. It is an advantage to have the Chancellor hold his commission from the Governor, who is the representative of the people, but inasmuch as hereafter the regents are to elect the Chancellor, such co-operation of the present board in the selection of the first Chancellor is eminently desirable, and can certainly do no harm.

While differences as to minor details of the plan may very probably exist, it is believed as a whole that it solves the problem immediately before the Legislature in a fairly satisfactory manner. It is absolutely free from partisan politics in its inception and tendency. It does not conflict with any meritorious interest, and if adopted it will, we fondly hope, bear within itself the seed of untold blessings for the people of the State.

A Winter Sunset

BESIDE this frozen marsh the sedges sigh,
While keen-edged winds like sabres cut their way;
A water-fowl is floating there on high,
Seeking some far-off home at close of day

The ghostly hills are shrouded white in snow,
Brown boughs, a-shiver nakedly, are numb;
A wandering black-robed friar, limps a crow,
To find on hardened clods a stingy crumb.

Here weeds and brambles, thickly interlaced,
Hang frail embroidery of hoary frost;
Here tiny tracks of hares are lightly traced;
A crying snow-bird seeks the mate he lost.

Yet like a dewdrop in a scarlet flower
A star is twinkling in the ruddy sky,
And sprinkling snow-fields in a silver shower,
The new moon's horn of plenty hangs on high.

The world seems woful, all its laughter lost,
The golden dreams of June forever dead;
No bird, no bud, it seems could brave this frost,
No April resurrect the foliage fled.

And yet the landscape seems expecting Spring,
The harsh north wind seems chanting prophecy,
As though a dead man felt an angel's wing,
And smiled to know his soul could never die.

WALTER MALONE.

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Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAP USED HERE

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I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

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Detroit, Mich.

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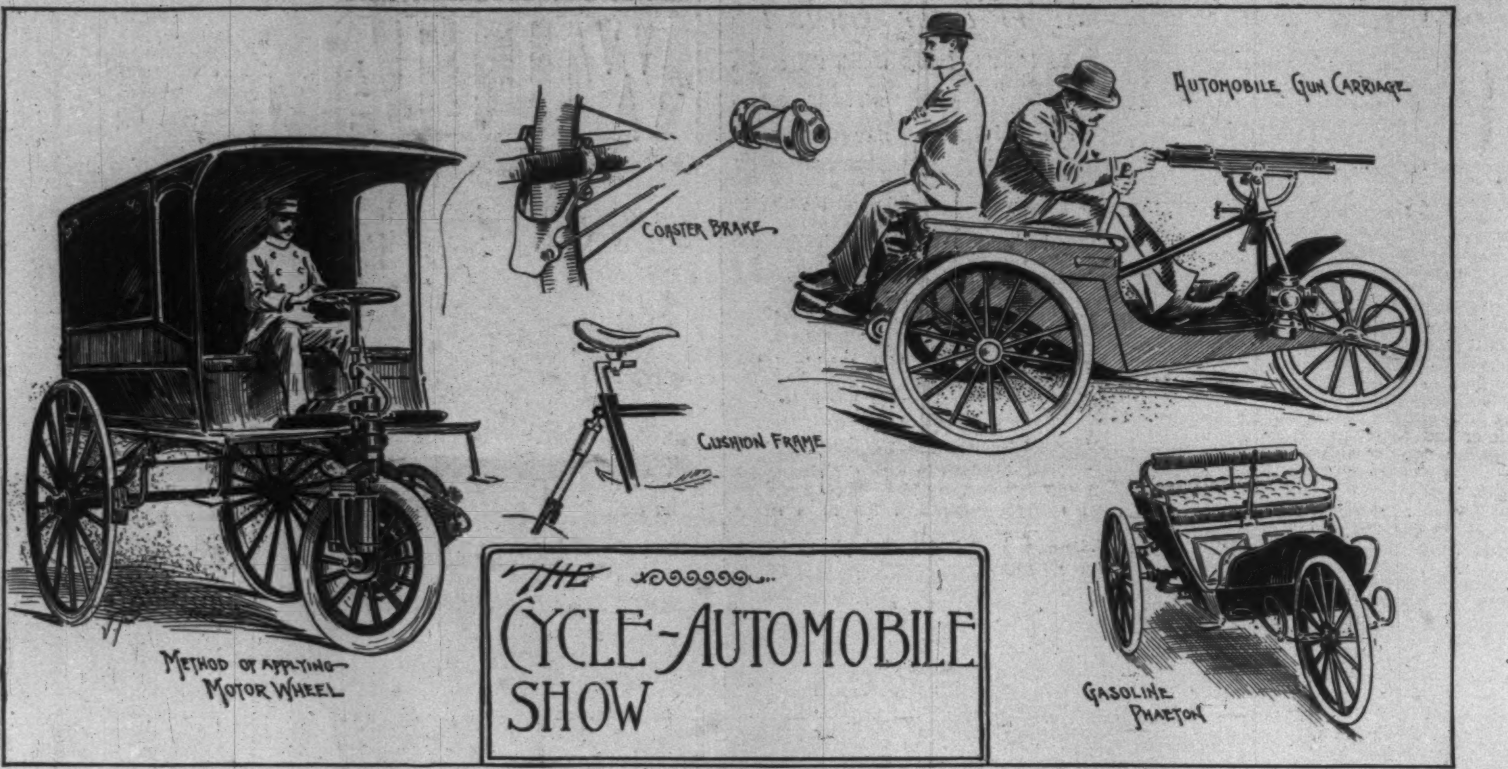

THE CYCLE-AUTOMOBILE SHOW

At the bicycle show a year ago there were perhaps half a dozen automobiles among the exhibits. This season the automobile manufacturers were formally invited to take part in the exhibition at the Madison Square Garden, and enough of them have accepted to add a note of novelty to the familiar array of wheels and tires and saddles and lamps. The electric carriages are especially well represented, but the exhibit as a whole does not give any idea of the real proportions of the automobile industry. The truth is that the manufacturers have been so busy with the practical details of their business that they have had no opportunity to take up a presentable attitude towards the public. One of the well-known companies was literally unable for months at a time last season to keep a sample carriage in stock. No sooner was one finished and placed upon the floor than it would be pounced upon and carried off by some impatient customer who would not be denied.

Automobile shows are regularly in evidence abroad, and they are not only interesting to the public, but are useful to the inventor and to the manufacturer in the opportunity they afford for the comparison of types and as a proving-ground for new ideas. The Liverpool exposition of heavy motor drays has been of especial value during the past two years, the trials having fully demonstrated the economy and efficiency of machinery over horses in the field of heavy-weight transportation. The steam-driven English lorry will ascend gradients where a nominally equal power of horseflesh will hopelessly stall; it can be used wherever horses can go, and—the final argument—it is cheaper. New York should be vitally interested in this particular problem, for until the horse has been retired for good and all we may look in vain for good and clean streets. The auto-trucks, to be driven by compressed air, have been promised for months, but it was not until last week that one materialized, and it was only an experiment and not available for commercial purposes. Another inventor has used electricity (storage-batteries) in the motor equipment of a heavy truck, and the experiment promises interesting results. And, finally, there is a Chicago idea of a dray whose motive power is a combination of the gasoline-engine, the dynamo, and the storage-battery. It it a pity that all these types could not have been brought together for comparative inspection.

A really representative automobile show could hardly be brought together under a twelvemonth, but the Madison Square exhibit is at least a beginning. It is doubtful, however, if the automobile and the bicycle will keep company over-long. The mechanical tricycles, the pacing-machines, and perhaps the lighter class of motorettes may be considered to have a natural relationship to the bicycle, but the automobile proper has nothing to do with the "steed of steel," and it should have a show to itself. And by this time next season the new industry will probably be in a position to assert its independence.

The electric cab and carriage are already familiar objects on our streets, and even a steam automobile hardly draws a second look. The gasoline carriage, however, is still a novelty to American eyes, and much is expected of its development at the hands of American inventors and machinists. A Western firm have recently built an automobile gun-carriage for the government. It is intended to carry a light machine or rapid-fire gun, and should be most useful for police battery-work in large cities. It handles easily, moves rapidly, and should be appallingly effective against a mob or street riot.

Another novelty is the mechanical horse, modelled somewhat after the famous French "avant-train." It consists of a gasoline-engine mounted upon a single wheel, and forming a portable traction motor that can quickly and easily be attached to any vehicle.

The bicycle end of the show is likely to be distinguished by the absence of the freak machine. The bicycle of 1900 differs from that of last year only in features of construction—matters of detail that only a mechanic can fully appreciate. The principal change is in the reduction of weight, but this is not to be a repetition of the senseless craze for "feather-weights" of five years ago. This year's wheel is to be both stronger and lighter than that of last season, the reduction being possible through the use of better material and the fining down of unnecessary parts.

The two novelties are the pneumatic spring-post, or cushion frame, and the coaster brake. The first named is not a new idea, but it has lately been pushed into favor, and the contrivance is certainly an aid to comfortable riding. But it is the coaster brake that is expected to take the wheel enthusiasts by storm. It was brought out a year or so ago, and has now been improved into a thoroughly practical piece of mechanism.

Most wheelmen know in a general way about the working of the apparatus. A slight back pressure on the pedals disengages the rear wheel, while the pedals remain stationary. With more back pressure on the pedals a brake is automatically applied—either to the tire, as shown in the illustration, or to the rear axle. It is difficult to explain the principle of the mechanism without the aid of drawings, but the following description may aid in making it clear:

Surrounding the axle of the rear wheel is a pawl-carrier consisting of a single series of balls. When the rider is pedalling forward, the pawl engages a shoulder of a series of sockets in the hub of the rear sprocket, and the wheel is driven ahead. When the pedals are at rest the pawls run up the inclined surfaces of their sockets in the carrier, and the wheel runs or coasts freely.

A reverse movement of the pedals causes one of the pawls to engage the shoulder of a socket in the brake ring, turning it backward. An arm of the brake ring is connected by a rod with a spoon brake pivoted on the rear fork. The backward movement of the arm pulls the rod, and thus pulls the brake firmly against the tire of the wheel.

As to the type of wheel, the chainless seems likely to take the lead. It has been brought down to a popular price, and in the bevel-gear form it has certainly had a severe test and given almost universal satisfaction. It is well to remember that a bevel gear must be ridden for a week or ten days before it can be finally adjusted. Like the ship in the story, it must find itself. But once "found," the chainless bevel gear should improve steadily with usage, and be good for many a turn of the thousand-mile cyclometer.

MR. DOOLEY[*]

XV.—ON YOUNG ORATORY

"THEY'S wan thing that this counthry ought to be thankful f'r," said Mr. Dooley, laying down his paper, "an' that is that we still have a lot iv young an' growin' orators f'r to lead us on."

"Who's been oratin'?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Me young frind Sinitor Beveridge, th' child orator iv Fall Creek. This engagin' an' hopeful la-ad first made an impression with his iloquince at th' age iv wan, whin he addhressed a meetin' iv th' Tippecanoe Club on th' issues iv th' day. At th' age iv eight he was illicted to th' United States Sinit, rayjoocin' th' average age in that body to ninety-three years. In th' Sinit, bein' a modest child, he rayfused to speak f'r five minyits, but was fin'lly injooced f'r to make a few thousan' remarks on wan iv th' subjects now much discussed by orators whin th' dures ar-re closed an' th' fire-escapes broken.

"His subject was th' Ph'lippeens, an' he said he'd just come fr'm there. 'I have cruised,' he says, 'f'r two thousan' miles through th' Ar-rchey Pelago'—that's a funny name—'ivry minyit a surprise an' delight to those that see me,' he says. 'I see corn growin' on banana-threes, I see th' gloryous heights iv Ding Dong that ar-re irradyatin' civilization like quills upon th' fretful porcypine,' he says. 'I see rice, coffee, rolls, cocoanuts, choice seegars, oats, hay, hard and soft coal, an' Gen'ral Otis; an' there's a man that I rayspict,' he says. 'I see flowers bloomin' that was superyor to anny conservatory in Poolasky County,' he says. 'I see th' low an' vicious inhabitants iv th' counthry—soon I thrust, to be me fellow-citizens—an' as I set there an' watched th' sea rollin' up its uncounted millyons iv feet iv blue wather, an' th' stars sparklin' like lamp-posts we pass in th' night, and I see th' mountains raisin' their snow-capped heads f'r to salute th' sun, while their feet extinded almost to th' place where I stud—whin I see all th' glories iv that almost, I may say, thropical clime, an' thought what a gud place this wud be f'r to ship base-burnin' parlor stoves an' men's shirtings to th' accursed natives iv neighborin' Chiny, I says to mesilf, "This is no mere man's wurruk. A Higher Power even than Mack, much as I rayspict him, is in this here job. We cannot pause, we cannot hesitate, we cannot delay, we cannot even stop. We must, in other wurruds, go on with a holy purpose in our hearts, th' flag over our heads, an' th' inspired wurruds iv A. Jeremiah Beveridge in our ears,"' he says. An' he set down.

"Well, sir, 'twas a gr-reat speech. 'Twas a speech ye cud waltz to. Even younger men thin Sinitor Beveridge had niver made grander orations. Th' throuble is th' Sinit is too common f'r such magnificent sintimints; it's too common an' it's too old. Th' young la-ad comes fr'm home, where's he's paralyzed th' lithry society an' th' debatin' club, an' he loads himself up with a speech, an' he says to himsilf: 'Whin I begin peggin' ar-round a few iv these vilets I'll make ol' Hoar look like Confederate money,' an' th' pa-apers begin f'r to tell that th' infint Demostheens iv Barry's Junction is about f'r to revive th' oratorical thraditions iv th' Sinit, an' the fire department comes up f'r a week, an' wets down th' Capitol buildin'. Th' speech comes off; they ain't a dhry eye in th' House, an' th' pa-apers say: 'Where's ye'er Dan'l Webster an' ye'er Champ Clark, now?' An' th' young man goes away an' has his pitchers took on a kinetoscope. He has a nice time while it lasts, Hinnissy, but it don't las' long. It don't las' long. Th' la-ad has th' wind, b't it's endurance that counts.

"'Th' wise ol' boys with their long whiskers discusses him over th' sivin-up game, an' says wan iv thim, 'What ye think iv th' kid's speech?' ''Twas a good speech,' says th' other. 'It carries me back to me own boyhood days. I made a speech just like that durin' th' Mexican war. Oh, thim days—thim days! I lead th' ace, Mike.' An' afther a while th' boy Demostheens larns that while he's polishin' off his ipigrams, an ol' guy, that spinds all his time sleepin' on a bench, is polishin' him off. Th' man that sinds seeds to his constitooents lasts longer than th' wan that sinds thim flowers iv iloquence, an' though th' hand iv Gawd may be in th' Ph'lippeen question, it hasn't interfered up to date in th' sergeant-at-arms question. An' whin th' young man sees this he says 'sky' whin he means 'sky,' an' not 'th' jooled canopy iv hiven'; an' he says, 'Ph'lippeens,' an' not 'th' gloryous isles iv th' Passyfic'; an' bein' on to th' character iv his fellow-Sinitors, he mintions nobody higher in their presence thin th' steward iv th' Capitol. An' he niver makes a speech but whin he wants to spake, an' thin he moves that th' Sinit go into executive session. Thin he's a rale Sinitor. I've seen it manny's th' time—th' boy orator goin' into th' Sinit, an' comin' out a deaf-mute. I've seen a man that made speeches that was set to music an' played be a silver-cornet band in Ioway, that hadn't been in Congress f'r a month befure he wudden't speak above a whisper or more thin an inch fr'm ye'er ear."

"Do ye think Hivin sint us to th' Ph'lippeens?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' divvle take thim!"

F. P. DUNNE.

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The Patent Virtuoso

THIS hour is one in which we can hardly decide where art itself ends and artifice begins. Rampant is the substitution of the mechanical for the really personal and emotional in detail. We are forced to admit this, spite of due sensitiveness, all savings of conscience, whether we think of painting, music, architecture, book-making—one is tempted to write "literature"—of textile art-work, and of other expressions of practical æsthetics. Indeed, we are not wise to forget that there has always been a great deal of the mechanical in undercurrents of the studios; that in the actual publication of art before the world there must ever be an element of the go-between. Painters have made—or have hired other painters to make—copy after copy of their best works. To-day photography disturbs the craft of the painter and the engraver, along with promoting a popular appreciation of it, until only color-photography is needed to dismay and to dismiss whole schools of unimaginative artists. The sculptor, his conception once in the clay, need not carve nor cast it. The perfectly mechanical processes will make just as many exact, beautiful duplicates as the public may buy. Architecture, always a magnificently mechanical art, has this long time reproduced its finest exactions of structure and ornament by agents that are not more than just so much machinery. The power-loom, in its turn, has enormously weakened the value of individual taste, the thought and skill of hands, which used to bring a perfect fabric. The phonograph and cinematographs have invaded us to nearly the point of cheating the eye and ear, delicately, of nature itself. In short, everything is a part of art's present empire that makes against the directly individual in practical art—at least before that mass of people caring more or less about it, and if certainly not caring too nicely, still caring, even to an enthusiasm almost pathetic.

In a way this condition fights for art. In a way it is its enemy. It has made a great many people grow callous, naturally and sensibly, if at first reluctantly, as to whether they are paying for the æsthetic at second hand. They are less worried now than of old if art be an affair for them of just acids and workmen's compasses and electricity or steam, or whether they are near the thought behind all original putting of an artist's self into his work—his labor of love. Of course we need not be forgetting that there must be, in any fine branch of the æsthetic, the artist at the very beginning of the thing. But what with all his delegates to-day, his lieutenants in the laboratory and shop, the tendency is to give the artist-nature a vacation. Perhaps he is wisely uneasy as to how far—by-and-by almost wholly—he can be excused from tangible work; and when work becomes so vague, a living is likely to be vague.

Now virtuosity is the great publisher of art, no doubt. Also, virtuosity, unluckily, is the great betrayer of art. Musical virtuosity, especially, is a constant example of this general principle. And the piano-forte is an instrument that has afforded a most shining illustration of the matter. I am not saying that the public of piano-forte recitals, or of orchestral concerts where the pianist-virtuoso is the sensation, soon will be tractable to the notion of telling him that wheels going round will let him take his work more easily. Much less am I saying that the inventor and manufacturer, however positive their claims, have yet patented a perfect piano-playing machine. But I begin to wonder how soon a perfect machine will come. I see our managers more and more dismissing the educated, virtuosistic player, as we understand him now, and taking up frankly with some kind of a machine-double of him—price according to finish. Does it startle and offend you? I do not quite see wherefore it should offend or startle, just as things are. We are, of course, considering the public in its widest musical range. What with that public's notion of music for the piano-forte, the popular sense of what it means to play properly and artistically upon the piano-forte, and what with advances in the refinement of pianistic machines to come, why, how can we feel that anon a great blow to directly human pianism is to be struck? Will invention not be taking only a little step, tacitly recognizing the difficulty that the world has in distinguishing virtuosity from music's real soul and office and environment? Shall we not do well to welcome, instead of to sniff at, the box of metal and electricity, busy in open, royal function, at the most aristocratic, or the most mobbish, of piano-forte recitals? Perhaps at even a better class of pianistic exploitation?

We cannot yet admit that machine-made orchestras soon will take the place of the stageful of human players. To be sure, now and then we go to orchestral concerts that suggest to us that a little more or a little less of the machine in music-making would be a good thing, or would not make much difference the wrong way. No cunning organ ever can drive to the wall the complex living army of players in a band of artists. Some people would have musicians believe that with a wind instrument of a thousand whistles and a phonograph and a kinetoscope you can have a performance of "Don Giovanni" or of "Tristan and Isolde" in perfectness. But, on the other hand, it is not irony to admit that a great deal of the effect of contemporary music for the piano-forte allows the machine, lures the crowd nearer and nearer to the machine. The piano-forte itself ever has been an essentially mechanical contrivance. It is a terribly material and unetherial factor. It sanctions a further development on machinery lines. It is spoken of as getting it by the confident industrials here and there. Seriously, that development seems almost due. In a sense the piano has always played hide-and-seek with the artist. It has held him at arm's-length more than literally so. The musician never was, is, or will be intimate with it, as with a violin or with some sensitive wind instrument. The piano has always been a bit of a hypocrite as a musical medium, a tantalizing factor that does music's work half-way. Its technic is tyranny and slavery together. Conquer it wholly, keep it conquered, or it mocks you, no matter how you throb with musical feeling. Every now and then in a concert-hall it cries out louder than the composer a player is intent on: "Ha, you! hear *that*? I am merely jangling wire, rattling keys. I have no soul. I am complex, yet imperfect, a packet of steel and wood and glue. My dear player out there, you cannot make me hide my sham and shame. It is a miracle that you musicians can do with me what you do. I am an imperfect machine."

And about the living wonder-player who represents so generally pianistic art? The public demand nothing so much as his virtuosity. The public want the wonder-player. His art is an interest to nerves, temperaments, society as a patron, to curiosity. The music for which the metropolis storms the big hall is, after all, the music that is of the machine in spirit. See how the great virtuoso wrestles with it! He dashes and crashes his floods of full, even or uneven tone upon the throng; he dazzles with his mechanically perfect runs and trills; he is treating the piano-forte as the piano-forte. Those chords sound as if so many little hammers of adamant were struck in a perfect equality of dynamics by a clock-work device, not by human muscles. The player's left hand—which they say bends a poker—descends and speeds about as unerringly as his right hand; he hardly knows them apart. As for the player's personality—ah yes! it is there, and it counts. But more and more it has become a vulgarized, conventionalized, and even an artificial detail. It does not enter so much as we think into all these pianistic fire-works.

And what of music's finer vital repertory? What of other music than what is intrinsically fire-works? Hearken, now in one city, now in another, to what is made of it. Estimate the applause, the frantic encores for Liszt's imposing trivialities, for the clamors and shallow trickery of Russian, French, and Italian pianistic giants or dwarfs. Such things stir up the audiences like wildfire tossed about. The old and musicianly music is bewrayed. "I shall make whatever I can out of *that*," says the virtuoso, in practising. "I shall beat X and Y and Z in their work with it." The concert becomes a battle of touch and go.

So, let us be reasonable, whether we feel ourselves musicians or not. All things considered, why not help, or expect to help, our poor struggling piano-wonder toward a great deal easier living as a virtuoso? Let us help his vast public to even absolutely perfect virtuosity. We should cry out cheerily now that he is quite right about his view of music and performance, and that the crowd are with him, and that fine distinctions are now so thinned in art that the crowd are right too. Let us simplify his concert-work, so much a matter of "alarums and excursions," of thunder and lightning. Let us regard the piano-forte as a thing never finished, and only to be finished when now wholly a concert-machine. The patent virtuoso so is fairly in order. The manufacturers must do better, even their best; they must carry out one or another device to just a bit more perfection, and give some new machine a finer and wider scope! So at last we shall have real pianism, sensationalism, virtuosity consummated to a lovely flower. Set the new machine on the stage. Seat our dear old friend Herr Donnnerschlag, or our new one Monsieur Cheveux-de-Frise, beside the machine. Let him dash upon its levers and wheels all his temperamental vehemence, pour himself out by pushing and suppressing, by handle and button. You get all the storm and stress of the stock programme, only a little less directly in contact with his piano-forte than of old. What a pity that good muscle and *das feurige Temperament* should be unaided, in these halls of ours, big as a railway terminus, and yet packed with masses of people a city block distant from the artist, clouded in artistic sensibility by just such conditions! And the repertory most in question will not really be sampled. Not a little of its most consistent music will be only more perfectly dealt with. You can forgive the injury to casual episodes where a musician's mystic heart and mysterious temperament and exquisite æsthetic message ought to throb to a fine-eared auditor forever. This recital is no place for that! Keep the pianism that is refinement, interpretation, the suppression of the physical and of the outward technic for your music-room, and the evening for real musicians in the group in the tranquil private music-room.

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Last, but not least, pray, let us be liberal. We have specialized the fact that the "personality" of the player, at a musicale crowded, or otherwise, especially if good looks be his fortune, and need not be set aside by his machine virtuosity in perfection; but we must not be slaves to our own kindness. It is a crying shame to be grudging in aiding an artist in popularizing art. We have saved the player so much—his original musicality, his long years of practising, his endless struggle toward doing the impossible for two human hands. We really should do more. If the pianist-virtuoso be not young, not beautiful, and not effectively touched with the eccentric, ah, let us save him from being born at all as really musical! Musicianly reckoned, he will disappear as an individual, he will be a superfluity. His future type will find playing double octaves and eight-hand arrangements by the card enough for all his purposes and fame. He will be like other patented contrivances, a type and a class; and we shall be sure that in making him a journeyman we have been cruel only to be kind.

Irenæus Prime-Stevenson.

News of Warfare

I.—IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE campaign in southern Luzon, although it attracted comparatively little attention in this country, was in reality quite as important as the operations which had recently been concluded in the northern provinces. Energetic and successful advances along both the eastern and western shores of Lake Taal were clearing the way leading into a region which American troops had never before penetrated; and it seemed probable that the forces employed for this purpose would be able to hold all of the new territory won from the insurgents.

On January 9 Colonel Bullard, with portions of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-ninth regiments, moving southward from Calamba on the shore of Laguna de Bay, drove the enemy beyond the strongly fortified town of Santo Tomas, killing twenty-four and capturing artillery. The casualties of the Americans were one private killed and two officers wounded. According to press despatches, the natives made two desperate stands, and the official report admitted that two days later they were still in considerable force in that neighborhood, so that another action became necessary. We must, however, bear in mind the fact that the policy of the Filipino leaders is not to make "desperate stands," but rather to oppose our men at many points and at short intervals, that they may retreat with exultation if they have succeeded in inflicting a little loss, and that the same action may be accounted a victory by both parties.

Meantime General Schwan's column, consisting of squadrons of the Fourth and Eleventh cavalry, with the Thirtieth and Forty-sixth infantry, and six Nordenfeldt guns under Captain Van Deusen, rushed across Cavité province from east to west—from Biñan through Silang to Naic—and General Wheaton's column (three troops of the Eleventh cavalry, the Fourth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-eighth, and Forty-fifth infantry, with two batteries) drove the enemy from all important points north of the Silang line. Here also there was heavy fighting. On January 12 General Otis reported that all Cavité province was occupied by Wheaton's command.

A portion of Schwan's command, moving in a southerly direction through the province of Batangas, met the enemy at various points; by January 14 his advance (the Thirty-eighth Regiment) had driven them through the town called Lipa to Rosario—only ten or twelve miles from the southern coast. On January 17 General Otis reported that Schwan's troops were in possession of Batangas province, and were about to move eastward into Laguna and Tayabas provinces, while Wheaton's command, proceeding from point to point nearer the southwestern coast, had the advantage of the navy's co-operation.

North of Manila there were encounters on January 10 between our troops and bands of natives at two widely separated points, with the usual result. On the island of Cebú a sharp fight occurred, in which the insurgents were driven from a strong position in the mountains, four of our men being wounded in this affair. Colonel Byrne, on Negros Island, surprised and captured an insurgent camp, killing nineteen men.

In the Visayan group the islands of Samar and Leyte were still held by insurgents; and when Brigadier-General Kobbé with the Forty-seventh and Forty-third infantry and a battery of artillery sailed from Manila on January 17, it was asserted that these islands were probably the objective of his force. He had been appointed Governor of Albay province and Catanduanes Island, *i. e.*, the southeastern extremity of Luzon, and it was natural that the two large islands of the Visayan group which lay just beyond should temporarily be placed in his charge.

II.—IN SOUTH AFRICA.

On January 11 Generals Roberts and Kitchener reached Cape Town.

General Buller, in the evening of the same day, sent a despatch from Springfield, about fifteen miles west of Colenso, stating that he had occupied the south bank of the Tugela River at Potgieter's Drift, or ford, and seized the ferry; that the river was in flood, and the enemy strongly intrenched about four and a half miles to the north. In explanation of this despatch we should add that Lord Dundonald with his mounted brigade reached Springfield by a quick march, and seized a hill commanding the drift. The Boers were taken by surprise, and unprepared for resistance at this point.

Then followed a period of inaction, which was brought to an end on January 16. General Lyttleton's brigade, with the 61st battery and howitzers, ferried and forded Potgieter's Drift, and seized a line of low ridges a mile beyond. There was but little opposition. The next morning General Sir Charles Warren's command also crossed the Tugela, near Trichard's or Wagon Drift, six miles farther to the west, and took up a position near Spion Kop, two miles north of the river. General Warren's advance was effected in the face of a hot and heavy fire from cannon and rifles. The naval guns and howitzers on Mount Alice, near Swarts Kop, shelled the nearest Boer position. A reconnoissance developed the fact that the federals were intrenched on a series of low kopjes situated close to the river and extending right up to Ladysmith.

Marrion Wilcox.

Canada's Rough Riders

CANADA'S second contingent of soldiers to help the English in South Africa will be composed of some of the most picturesque fighters in the world, and in many respects will resemble and compare favorably with Governor Roosevelt's famous "Rough Riders." The latter term seems to be a popular one since the Cuban campaign, and Canada has taken it up to designate a part of her scouting force assigned to the Transvaal. The two squadrons of Rough Riders, composed of 350 men each, are picked scouts who have done duty in the Northwest, and their knowledge of the species of warfare in a rough country designated as guerilla is extended. The Canadian Mounted Rifles, which will also accompany the regular troops, is made up chiefly of the Northwest Mounted Police, cowboys, plainsmen, and Western scouts. A more remarkable combination of veteran fighters could not be gathered together by the British Empire. They are men seasoned to a climate whose inclemency in winter and summer makes life unbearable on the plains to all except the strong and hardy.

The romantic history of the Northwest Mounted Police has often been told. Assigned to the duty of keeping law and order in a wide, sparsely inhabited territory, where Indians and wilder outlaws and gamblers and smugglers predominated, they have individually and collectively established a reputation for heroism, bravery, and fortitude second to none in the world. The Police force has attracted to it hardy, adventurous soldiers and scouts from different parts of the world. There is more than one American-born hero in the Northwest Mounted Police force. Accompanying the enlisted policemen for duty in South Africa is a battery of light guns in charge of an American who took part in the Northwest rebellion of 1885 as an artillery officer. "Gatling-Gun" Howard, as he is known, served as a scout and Mounted Policeman, and later as an artillery officer, and his position in the present campaign will be as unique as it is important. The Mounted Rifles and Rough Riders will be nothing if not rapid in their movements and evolutions, and they will not be handicapped by any slow-moving battery force. The battery which accompanies them will be composed of very light, rapid-firing Colt and Maxim guns, which it will be the duty of Howard to have moved as fast as the

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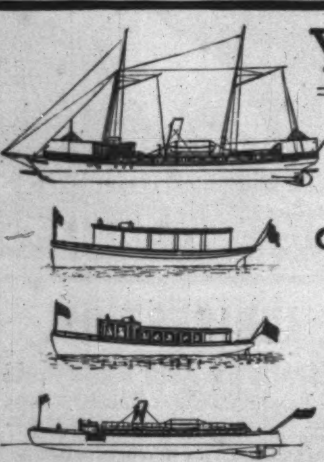

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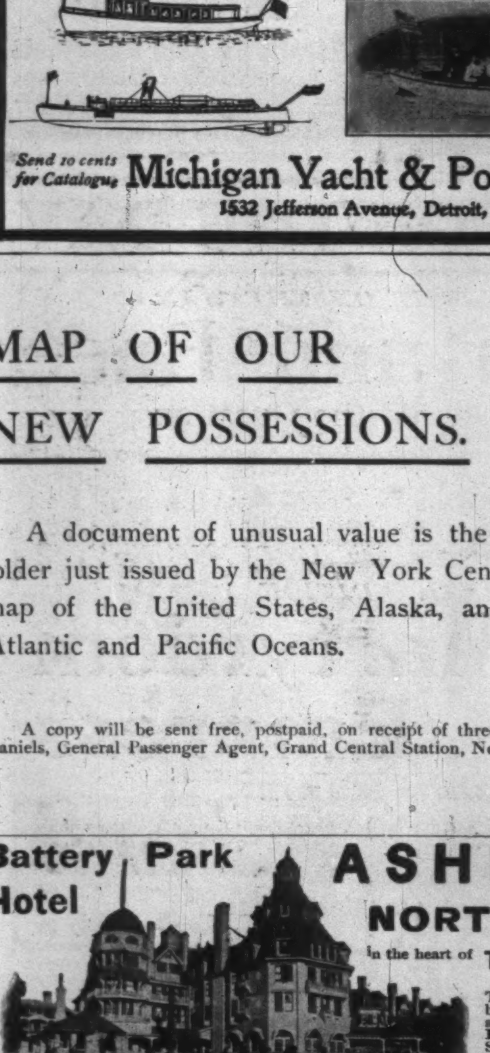

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mounted troops travel across the country. The guns are designed to be hitched behind galloping horses, and to be able to stand the jolt and hard usage of rough travelling in a rocky and unbroken country.

Little more need be said of such a force, and in sending it to South Africa, Canada is making one of the greatest sacrifices that it could in the interests of the empire. The Mounted Police of the Northwest is the pride of every Canadian, and to send a large contingent of these veterans out of the country must cause a twinge of pain to more than one patriotic colonist. It is offering up the best blood of the country in honor of the traditions and pride of the British Empire. In addition to contributing largely of her best mounted troops, the cream of the commanders of the Mounted Police are to accompany the enlisted policemen to their new field of glory. The command of the Rough Riders will be in the hands of two of the most famous scouts, rough riders, and fighters in the Northwest. Lieutenant-Colonel L. W. Herchmer has had charge of the Northwest Mounted Police for fourteen years, and Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Steele, second in command, has no superior as a daring scout and rough rider, his name being respected and feared from one end of Canada to the other.

Unprofitable Fast Trains and Ships

THE improvement in fast train service and steamship lines has been one of the marked factors of transportation in the past few years, and the dream of shortening distances between our principal cities and the continent of Europe, by building and equipping faster steamers and trains, has gradually been realized, a little each year. The ocean trip to Europe has annually been reduced in time and safety as surely as the journey between New York and Chicago or to the Pacific coast. With new scientific devices for increasing speed and lessening danger, the transportation companies have brought the services of their trains and steamers almost to perfection. The public was assured that the fast express trains actually lessened the danger of travel, and because of the superior equipment of these trains, and the extra precaution taken to watch them throughout their whole course, the travelling public was safer from collisions and accidents than on the slower or local trains.

It was generally supposed that these fast trains paid a good profit after the road-beds were improved up to a certain point where the wear and tear on the trains were reduced to the lowest minimum. But from careful investigations of the cost of running the fast trains, it appears that they are losing ventures. No less a person than the late Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, admitted that the fast trains on that road were run at a loss. As no railroad bed is superior to that of the Pennsylvania, nor a more thorough businesslike system observed, the test of the modern fast trains on the Pennsylvania may be accepted as applying to other lines. But while the direct cost of running the fast trains may entail a small loss, the indirect advantage a road gets in advertising the speed and comfort of the service probably more than counterbalances the loss. For this reason fast trains are not likely to be decreased in number, and rapid transit over long distances must be the ambition of every progressive road.

In the matter of steamship lines the same condition of affairs is made public through the announcement that our crack American liners, the *New York*, *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, and *Paris*, are losing ventures. The veriest rattletrap of an ocean tramp makes more money for its owners than any of these ocean greyhounds which did such good scouting service in our late war with Spain. In the summertime, when the rush of travel across the ocean keeps the passenger list full, the fast liners more than pay for their operation, but the winter loss more than offsets this short season of profit. The slower freighters, which have neither beauty of outline nor sentiment of associations attaching to them, make a fair profit, while the crack American steamers annually lose money for the company.

Like the fast trains, however, the ocean greyhounds are not likely to be called out of service, and more and speedier ships are doomed to be built for the European trade. The continuance of rapid transit by water is necessary for the success of the transatlantic service, even if the slower boats and freighters have to foot the bills. The questions of how to equalize the profits and losses of summer and winter travel, and how to make the returns for fast travel commensurate with the increasing cost of swifter steamers, are of no small moment to the American companies operating lines under the American flag. It may be a matter of improved construction, so that a winter trip to Europe will be as desirable as one in midsummer, or a question of governmental subsidy, such as Great Britain provides for the ships under her flag; but whatever solution the ship companies may reach, rapid transit, either on land or sea, cannot decrease.

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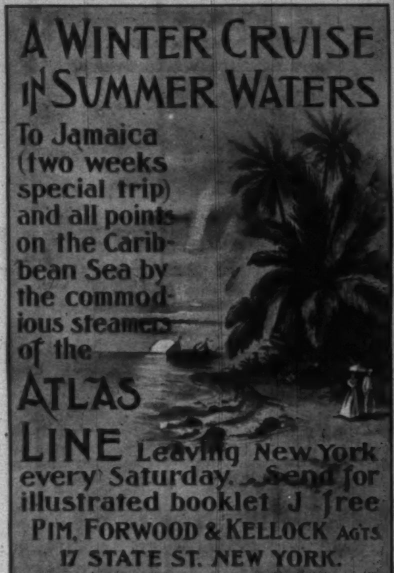
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The World of Finance

SINCE the turn of the new year there has been a condition of greater ease in all the chief money-markets of the world. The immediate needs of the Bank of England for gold having been met by the moderate draft upon New York, its rate of discount was reduced from 6 per cent. to 5. This relaxed the tension at Paris, where the rate of the Bank of France was put down to 4 per cent., and at Berlin, where the Reichsbank rate came down from 7 to 6. Berlin had been drawing gold from St. Petersburg in consequence of the failure of Russia to place a new loan intended to provide for interest demands. The market rates for loans in these capitals were somewhat below the bank discount, and in London it was as low as 3¾ per cent. for sixty and ninety days' paper.

A similar influence was felt in New York. The lack of further demand for gold for export was accompanied by an excess of payments over receipts by the United States Sub-Treasury, the continued deposit of internal revenue in several of the national banks, and a flow of currency from the interior. This produced an ease in the money-market which had not been experienced before in several months, and the rate for time loans fell to 5 per cent., and money on call ranged, as a rule, from 2½ to 4½. The bank reserves began to show a margin of excess over the legal requirements larger than for some time before.

The greater ease in the money-market did not stimulate any considerable activity on the Stock Exchange, where the market has been irregular for some weeks. It is somewhat affected by conditions in London, which are influenced from day to day by reports from the war in South Africa. In the constant buying and selling of American securities in the British metropolis it is impossible to trace the net result, but no doubt there is, on the whole, an excess of selling for American account to assist in reducing the accumulated credits there, due in part to a continuous balance in our favor in international trade. This selling rarely becomes marked enough to affect the prices here materially, and is often followed by an equally active buying for investment. The complications of this traffic, which is partly speculative, elude analysis.

On the New York Stock Exchange what may be termed investment securities, including standard railway shares, have been steady, if not specially strong. Speculation has dealt mainly in the industrial stocks, especially those of uncertain value, which are subject to manipulation and affected by rumors of warfare and change of fortune. The sugar, tobacco, leather, and gas stocks have been conspicuous among the fluctuating "securities" over which the bulls and bears contend. The stocks of the local transit companies are by some mysterious influence affected in sympathy with the leading "industrials," probably because handled by the same operators, who play one thing against another. An incident of importance in connection with these is the letting of a contract by the New York Rapid Transit Commission for the projected underground railroad. The bid of the successful contractor, Mr. John B. McDonald, was $35,000,000, and he promises to begin work within thirty days, and complete the whole system in three years. The money will be raised by an issue of city bonds, upon which the contractor agrees to pay the interest and an additional 1 per cent. to a sinking-fund. He must provide for equipping and operating the road when it is finished.

An incident of some importance to the financial institutions of New York, and of some general interest, is the introduction of a bill at Albany providing for a State tax of 1 per cent. on the "value of the shares" of all banks and trust companies, in lieu of all local taxes except upon their real estate, and for a tax of one-half of one per cent upon all "debts and obligations" secured by mortgage on real estate, generally called a tax on mortgages. The banks have long complained that their burden of taxation is much heavier than that of the trust companies, many of which do a general banking business in addition to that of executing trusts and caring for trust funds. This bill is intended to equalize the exactions of the State upon their capital. The mortgage tax will especially affect savings-banks and life-insurance companies, which invest largely in real-estate loans.

Reports upon the general business situation of the country continue favorable, and there is no flagging in confidence that prosperity will continue. While the great industries of iron and steel production have fallen back somewhat from the activity of last autumn, they have become more steady, with prices well maintained and good prospects for new contracts. Railroads are gradually getting their schedules of rates on a more satisfactory basis, and continue to make favorable reports of earnings, with hardly an exception. Among the new reports of harmony between former rivals is one indicating a common influence in the direction of the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific.

A. K. FISKE.